



messing about in **BOATS**

Volume 28 – Number 7

November 2010

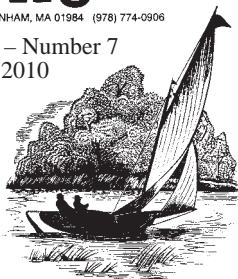
Special Features This Issue
“Snubbing Through the St Lawrence”
“To the Yukon” — “What a Great Summer!”
“The Small Yachts of Albert Strange”
“Frame Up for the *Ardelle*”



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2 – *Messing About in Boats*, November 2010

Commentary...

Bob Hicks, Editor



We've published a lot of book reviews since we started over 650 issues ago in 1983. Almost every issue has carried a review, sometimes several. They vary widely in scope from brief synopsis to lengthy discussions, this is up to the reviewers. I don't edit reviews any more than I edit feature stories. I have always felt that editing to some sort of "style book" robs each story of its originality. Homogenization comes to mind. Reviewers are almost always readers who expressed interest in whatever books were in hand at the time for me to pass on for review. From time to time reviews come in of books readers turn up themselves that they want to share their opinions about with you.

In this issue there are three reviews. One of them I did my very own self, that of Matthew Goldman's book on historic sites in his neck of the woods on the Connecticut shoreline. It doesn't contain much about messing about in boats but I reviewed it because I wanted all of you who read his regular column on the opposite page to know about it. Like me, he's a small timer in publishing and can use all the publicity he can get.

A second is a review reprinted from *Sailing* magazine, included here because its author, David Hume, a long time subscriber, asked if I'd review the book which is aimed at a youth fantasy readership. I wouldn't have had time to arrange for a review, let alone read it myself, to make it into this issue for possible Christmas gifting so he sent me the *Sailing* review with that magazine's OK to reprint it.

The third review is from the Dinghy Cruising Association Bulletin, an absorbing look at a gripping tale of small boat dreaming and tragedy. Now here's a book that I'd be interested in reading myself. It's unlikely that I'll find it in my local library (or its area library loop) and I'm not hip to looking for books on the internet so I may never get to see it.

I'm asked from time to time why I do not do my own reviews. It's not just the time demand, for reading a couple of books a month would be manageable. I review only those books that speak to my own personal

interests in small boating. For example, I cannot generate much enthusiasm for plodding through a boat building book just to be able to review it. To me these are pretty much of the technical writing genre, which I have never found of much interest, only when a specific book about how to do something I personally want to know how to do comes my way. Better that such books go to persons with strong interest in the subject matter to get the best possible review in terms of introducing readers to what the book has to offer.

Most books that get to be reviewed on our pages come from their publishers, "review copies" they are called. Some arrive in our mail with just a note, others are accompanied by effusive promotional praise. Occasionally one will even have a ready-made review provided so I won't even have to trouble to arrange a review, just drop the canned copy into place. I have to wonder about the level of intelligence of the "authors" of such stuff.

Over all these many years we have acquired a list of readers who have reliably done reviews for us. Periodically I alert them all to the latest books to come in and soon enough someone requests a book from the list. The reviewer gets to keep the book and there is no time pressure on submitting the review. I expect to see some books coming in soon as the winter season seems to be when the books come out.

Despite my not doing many book reviews my work involves lots of reading about messing about in boats, all your many stories that we publish. I find them all engrossing, grass roots stuff about this subject of common interest to us all. This satiates my interest in maritime reading so that when I bring home the latest batch of books from the library there's nary a maritime title to be found. I have been a reader of history for much of my long life, all sorts of history. A special favorite is the history the heroic age of Arctic and Antarctic exploration. I like the books as originally written by those who lived the experiences 100-150 years ago. And ships do figure largely in these narratives so there is indeed a bit of maritime involved after all.

On the Cover...

The building of another traditionally built wooden vessel is underway at Harold Burnham's Boatyard in Essex, Massachusetts, in early September it was "frame up" time. Photos from this occasion are featured in this issue. Harold began his latest boat, the schooner pinky *Ardelle*, with the basics, sawing up logs for timbers.

From the Journals of Constant Waterman

By Matthew Goldman



To Cuttyhunk – Part 2

The piers are all but deserted. I secure my Whitehall at the dinghy dock and clamber ashore, glad to stretch my legs. In the parking lot, I talk to the fellow who runs the launch. He's a local: one of the thirty-five folks who winter over. In the warmer months, the population explodes to ten times that number. He kindly gives me the verbal tour, which I afterwards have ample opportunity to confirm by foot.

Closer to the mouth of the harbor juts the fueling and pump-out pier. Here the New Bedford ferry has her berth. During the summer, she makes two round trips per day; now but one. The Coast Guard station beside the pier has been abandoned.

The pier where I moor is reserved for pleasure craft; only a handful remain. The harbormaster's shack, about 6'x8', stands at its head. Outside is coiled a water hose, and a bowl for any dog in need of refreshment. A sign reminds me to limit washing down my vessel to ten minutes.

The third pier, close by, is commercial. A long shed over the water houses a couple of charter fishing businesses, a lobster pound, the raw bar, and an ice cream shop. If I need ice, I can buy it from the lobster pound. Now, off-season, these businesses open at the whim of each of the owners. That is to say, about one hour, maybe, in twenty-four.

In a sturdy shed across the parking lot from my pier are two heads, but no shower. Just outside lurks a voracious telephone with an appetite for quarters. Having been taught that it's far more blessed to receive than it is to give, this instrument devours my change and gives me lots of quietude in return.

I ask the launch driver why there aren't any showers.

"There's a limit to how much water we can provide," he says. "We haven't many wells."

"Why not collect rainwater, as they do on islands in the tropics," I suggest. He smiles wryly.

"That's easily said, not easily implemented. Getting anything changed out here takes forever."

I suppose that's part of the attractiveness of an isolated island in these frenetic times. There isn't even a restaurant over here. The large B&B serves breakfast to the public during the summer, and one of the two gift shops has a bakery in it. As the baker happens also to be the postmistress, who's obliged to take mail to and from the mainland, she doesn't do much baking during the off season, as the ferry arrives at 11am and leaves at 4pm. During the summer, when two ferries run, she has more time between trips. Everyone out here has several jobs, or at least, pursuits. One of which is knowing exactly what everybody else on the island is doing.

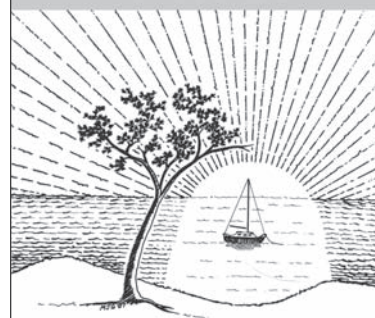
The other gift shop keeps fresh coffee brewing. They also have the only ATM. The little market has a surprising variety. Their staff brews delicious coffee, bakes baskets of muffins, and can also make me a sandwich. In another month, they'll open their door for just one hour a day. Just up the hill stand a museum, a library, the town offices, a school that keeps two students, and one church. What more could I need?

I climb the paved road to the top of the hill that begins as I leave the harbor. Many of the houses have been set back. The verges are often unkempt with choke cherry festooned with bittersweet, inhospitable wild roses, scrubby pines, bayberry, stands of grasses and towering goldenrod, stunted sumac just starting to experiment with a wild assortment of colors. In front of some of these unkempt hedges, occasional narrow strips of lawn remain closely managed by half tame cottontails.

The summit, though only a hundred feet high, is nearly bald, and provides unobstructed views in every direction. All two miles of Cuttyhunk descend beneath my gaze. The beryl harbor ripples below, maternally embraced by Capicut Neck. Martha's Vineyard, eight miles away to the southeast, fades hugely into a hazy blue involvement. Nashawena lies directly east, nearly as wild as before the first ship arrived. Ten miles to the north stretches the dim and reputedly civilized coast of Massachusetts. But, to the west and most of the south, uninterrupted ocean plays for miles and miles and a regal sunset reaches pole to pole.

Mauve light and wisps of magenta cloud surround the setting sun. A silver dazzle harrows the cobalt sea. I dare to eye the burnished bronze star beyond, its brilliance muted. The heavens tower above me; the sea spreads a million miles. Overwhelmed, I stand on this height amid impossible beauty and can do no more than disfigure it with words.

The Journals of CONSTANT WATERMAN



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Activities & Events...

After the Gardner Workshop...

When I took a boat to the John Gardner get-together, I found that there were a number of boats registered but most did not show because of the weather forecast. I asked a staff member for a rundown on the registrations. Had all of them showed up there would not have been enough dock space because the museum did not add on enough floats. I truly hope that this event has not died.

On an upbeat note, later in the summer we towed a boat to Maine and spent three days sailing in the Small Reach Regatta put on by the TSCA. It was to be sponsored by *WoodenBoat* but they opted out.

Fifty-five boats under 20', almost all wooden, many built by those sailing. Boats were there from Oregon and Florida as well as from around New England. There was camping in a state park and wonderful suppers in a big tent.

Much of the credit for this success goes to Tom Jackson from *WoodenBoat* and his crew. Interested readers can Google "Small Reach Regatta" for some photos.

Dave McCullough, Old Lyme, CT

Adventures & Experiences...

Kennebec Nice So Close to Home

On September 12, 12 members of our WCHA Chapter and two guests met for breakfast in Norridgewock, Maine. After breakfast we drove to Madison, Maine, and put the canoes into the Kennebec River, walking them down a path to the water. This was the portage for the day. With that out of the way we paddled down the Kennebec and up the Sandy River about a half to one mile. We saw an eagle, then we saw more all the way down the Kennebec. At a nice beach we had a cookie break, thank you Carol Bassett for the cookies. Not many homes along this whole section of the Kennebec, nice to see so close to home.

Each year we do a section of the Kennebec on the Sunday closest to September 11. Next year we will try to start in Solon, Maine, so we can see the petroglyphs along the river. We tried this two years ago but the downpours kept us off the water.

Bob Bassett, Northeast Chapter of the WCHA, Vienna, ME

Earthquake Memories

Reading Dan Rogers "California Dreaming" article (*MAIB*, September 2010) brought back memories for me. He talks about sailing with Val, who I knew. She was an avid sailor who would untie the dock lines at the drop of a hat. I may have met Dan as I was sailing my Michalak Piccup with blue polytarp sail around Channel Islands Harbor.

I was living aboard when in the middle of one night my neighbor Ray pounded on my boat yelling, "My boat's on fire!" I got up, threw on a bathrobe, and rushed outside to see smoke pouring out of the back of Ray's

50' Chris Craft. I broke the glass on the fire hose box and opened it up. I pulled the hose out. It was flaked over a rod inside the box. I pulled it out until there was only one fold left and turned on the water. The hose bulged between the pipe and that one fold, but the water went no further. There was no way to correct the situation, so I grabbed my dock hose and joined Ray in spraying water in the window of the master stateroom. The fire department was called and neighbor Paul's wife brought a bathrobe so Ray didn't have to continue to fight the fire naked!

By the time the fire department arrived the fire was out. They set up their fans to evacuate the smoke from the boat. Then at 4:32am all of the lights went out and the dock pilings started to whip back and forth and the boats surged around in their slips. Then the transformers around the town started blowing up giving us a fireworks display. The fire captain tried to call his station on the radio and got no response. He asked, "Are you sure the fire is out? This is a big one and we have to go." We assured him it was and they left.

I fired up my stove and made coffee for neighbors who were dependent on shore power for their stoves. I called my son's place and one of his neighbors said he had left to go surfing, so I knew he was all right. I got my daughter on the phone and she was fine, too.

I then got a call from Sacramento Headquarters about a major pipeline break caused by the earthquake that dumped oil into the Santa Clara River. As a State On-Scene Commander I spent the next two months working 14-16 hour days overseeing the cleanup.

Ray's insurance paid for a rebuild of his boat.

I have really enjoyed Dan's articles. Thanks for the memories.

Reed Smith, Ventura, CA

Rescue Story

Last fall, about the end of October, two kayakers, husband and wife I think, who have done a lot of trips were off the southern end of Jewell's island in Casco Bay (Maine) on a typical southerly afternoon when the man rolled over and fell out of his kayak. His wife pulled his kayak across hers and drained the water out. When he got back in he rolled again because she hadn't gotten all the water out. This time he didn't have the strength to get back in so he held onto his wife's kayak and she towed him ashore. They were well-equipped and they got a tent set up and got him into dry clothes. As her cell phone was working, she called for help.

The Coast Guard had two 27' RIBs in the area doing an exercise so one went in but ran over a ledge that disabled its outboard and five Coasties in their gumby suits were in the water. The fire chief on Cliff Island heard all this on the radio and thought the kayaker was in need of help so got there in his own boat right after the Coast Guard. He hollered to the Coast Guard that he had a 100' line and would tow them out. They took the line and tied it real short so the chief didn't have room to maneuver and ended up with a wave over his stern. As his boat went under the second

RIB came alongside and he passed them his laptop and backpack.

During all this the Portland fireboat (new \$3,000,000 boat) responded but decided everyone was all set and there was really nothing that they could do. Returning to Portland through White Head Passage between Peaks and Cushing Islands they hit a ledge, bending the keel, the port propeller, and strut and rudder. Big \$\$\$.

The kayakers got a fire going and had enough food to feed the fire chief and the Coasties and nobody was really in any trouble.

Most of this story came to me from the Cliff Island fire chief.

Dan O'Reilly, Kittery, ME

Elusive Seller

I recently answered an ad for a boat advertised in *MAIB* and was told by its owner that he was packing his car for a trip to Maine but that he would postpone his departure if I could be there "right away," which meant to me leaving as I was (I had been working in the yard).

I got there in 20 minutes and as far as I could see he hadn't arrived. After waiting another 20 minutes I called him on the phone. His wife answered and I told her where I was. She said he would soon arrive. After another 20 minutes I called again and this time was told he was at the town pier about 50 yards from where I was. But there was no sign of him.

Another call, another suggested location. Nothing. Perhaps he had gotten a good look at me and decided I did not look like a qualified buyer and beat a hasty retreat to make his trip to Maine while his wife covered for him!

John O'Hare, Scituate, MA

Information of Interest...

About the Hi Liner Peapod

In the July issue there were two articles on the Hi Liner peapod. I have owned one (*Green Flash*, painted Awlgrip red), for many years and she is currently here in Beaufort, South Carolina.

Greg said that there was no hull identification number. He should look high on the outside starboard aft hull, up near the gunnel. Mine has the hull number etched into the fiberglass there. His could be hard to find due to painting over but I imagine it is there.

My peapod is a special edition with a partial strake running down the hull about 6" below the gunnel. She also has a classy paint job. Peter Sylvia made her up specially for a Boston Boat Show, where I bought her. She is in great shape, sails and all. She spent many years as a tender to our Alberg 30, cruising from Boston to Newport. We often drew more comments on the peapod than the Alberg when we would enter a harbor. For a while I had her rigged with an electric motor, and even an electric bilge pump with a solar charger because I was not nearby her dock in Pocasset. The motor was hidden behind the rudder and people could not figure what was making her go as I piloted her quietly around a harbor with friends aboard.

Also, I also recall once, in Cuttyhunk, rowing by a sailboat and hearing a young child ask "Daddy, what is that man doing?" the boy having only seen outboard-powered inflatable tenders, I imagine.

I can confirm that she is a fast, easy, and stable boat to row, but a bit tender to sail (I consider the sailing rig to be too high for the light boat and even had the size of the main reduced a bit).

Harley Laing, Beaufort, SC

Arctic Ocean Circumnavigation

How about these Norwegians circumnavigating the Arctic Ocean on an Farrier F31 trimaran, a boat like mine? For a look at their adventure go to <http://www.ousland.no/blog/>

Dock Shuter, NY



Opinions...

Intellectual Property Rights for Canoes!

I am very very sorry to take this tone, but I must take strenuous objection to Part 2 of the September 2010 book review of the title *Canoe and Kayak Building the Light and Easy Way* by Mr Roger C. Swanson. The more I think about it the angrier I get. Intellectual property rights have their place but this country has gone off the deep, deep end and appears to have dragged Mr Swanson right along with it.

Canoes? CANOES? If ever there was a boat design that pre-dated US copyright or registration laws by a couple of millennia it's the canoe. There is only one population who might be able to claim any sort of intellectual property rights to the canoe as we know it, and that would be the Native Americans who paddled the waterways of this continent long before our European ancestors stumbled onto it's shores and began the destruction of its native inhabitants' culture.

So I'm not so concerned about what Mr Swanson or some lawyer at Old Town Canoe thinks about the righteousness of any claim they might have to any form, shape, part, member, or variant of anything we recognize as a canoe. The canoe was around thousands of years before Old Town, and while they might state that US law permits them to claim that a concept so fundamental as "canoe" lies somewhere other than the public domain, such a claim has no moral basis whatsoever, and can only be exercised through the exertions of the legal profession.

So dear readers, go take that mold. And if you feel the need to invest any emotional energy in pondering who might be the right-

ful claimant to the design, Old Town Canoe can be the first organization you can cross off your list.

This sort of stuff sends me right up the wall.

Brian Salzano, Patchogue, NY

Go-No Go Test

In the mid to late '70s when our children were at Worcester Polytech they were bringing boyfriends or girlfriends along to our boat for a weekend of sailing. This became a most interesting "Go-No Go" test gauge for prospective life partners. When you squeeze five adults on a 29' sailboat, you get an almost instant reading on "compatibility or non-compatibility."

Do they share the available space, or are they space hogs? Do they pitch in and help or, as one of our son's girlfriends said when Katrina handed her a dish towel, "...but I'm on vacation!" To which Katharina quietly replied, "So am I." If this is their first time on a boat, do they try and stay out of the way of the action of getting underway, or are they oblivious to what is happening around them and constantly in your way?

In one way it is a rather mean test for the uninitiated; however, it certainly is very effective in separating the "good" from the "bad." Based on our boat elimination tests, both children wound up with excellent partners.

Connie Benneke, Glastonbury, CT

Projects...

Model Boating on a Roll

As the building and sailing of model sailboats appears to grow in popularity by leaps and bounds in so many countries in the world, free-sail style here and there as in earlier days but mostly radio controlled, as a follower and documenter of the hobby I find its growth in popularity utterly fascinating.

In workshops, garages, hobby rooms, and even in living rooms in their homes there are people building model yachts, many replicating in miniature boats that they have read about in specialist magazines like this one. Once the models are completed and fitted with radio control, they will take them to their local pond, creek, or inshore area of coastal waterway, some to race other's similar models, others to enjoy them in a more relaxed and casual cruising manner, and even in the case of a few who have built larger square-rigged model brigs of war, occasionally to enjoy sailing together in battles of mock realism. Whereas many choose to model vintage style gaff-rigged workboats, there are others like my friend Andrew Charters of South Carolina who go for graceful classic yachts including schooners. For others skipjacks are their turn-on.

Enthusiasm fuelled to some extent perhaps by epic films that include "Pirates of the Caribbean" (#1, #2, and how many ever else?) and books about the oft-romanticized days of that style of piracy, the square-rigged ship choice has blossomed and more and more are choosing to build and then sail such models. From where I stand, static models of square-riggers has given way to models that can be put on the water, sailed and damn the damage consequences!

The choice of what to build and what type and style of model ship you would like to sail is enormous and there is so much help around, so many sources of plans, so much

reading material, the internet, and people happy to help you with suggestions on how to solve problems. There are several websites with forums available, free to register and join as a member. Just google Model Boating and see where it takes you.

Mark Steele, Auckland, NZ

Editor Comments: For many years Mark published *Winding World*, all about model boating worldwide. Many of his articles have appeared on our pages. Today *Winding World* appears regularly in the journal of the US Vintage Model Yacht Association.

This Magazine...

Likes Penelope

I always enjoy reading *MAIB*, most recently the articles about *Penelope*, the engineless catboat sailing in our area.

Larry Jones, Stonington, ME

In Memorium...

Eddie Pike, Foundryman

Eddie Pike of Amesbury, Massachusetts, passed away this September 1 after finishing his day's work. He ran the Denis Brass Foundry and was a key in numerous boats for three or four decades. He seemed to love the challenge of casting from the impossible patterns from some people who were not trained patternmakers. He was meticulous about the reliability of his castings and produced many tons of beautiful, useful hardware. The work poured from him like a happy tune.

Paul Rollins Boatshop, York, ME

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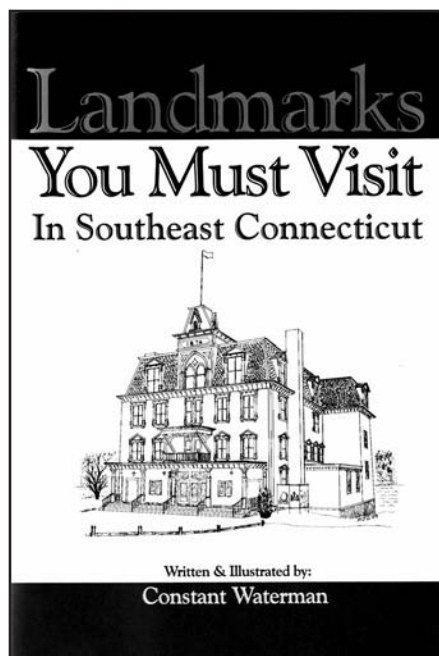
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Landmarks You Must Visit in Southeast Connecticut


By Constant Waterman
(Matthew Goldman)
www.constantwaterman.com
ISBN 978-0-615-37342-3
\$11.95

Reviewed by Bob Hicks



This book is the second venture into book publishing by Matthew Goldman, who contributes our regular Page 3 monthly column, "From the Journals of Constant Waterman." Earlier he had compiled many of his essays into a book of the same title.

Landmarks... is not a book about boating, although it describes in detail 20 places (out of 60) with maritime ambiance. It is best described as a guide to local points of historic interest in 13 towns along the southeastern Connecticut coast between Rhode Island and the Connecticut River. It would be of greatest interest to anyone wishing to



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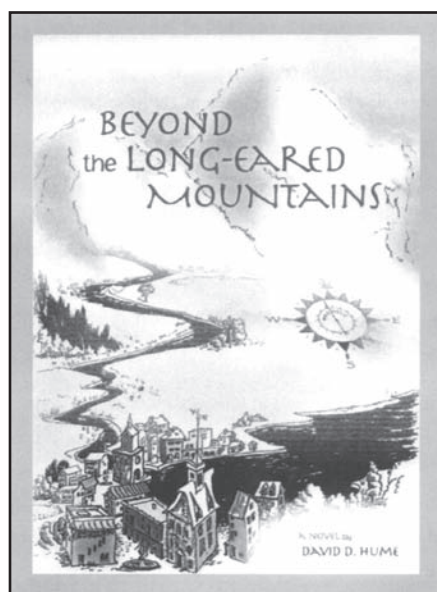
Book Reviews

know more about these towns and some of their historic sites. Each essay is accompanied by a finely detailed pen and ink drawing by the author. These are more evocative of the nature of the chosen places than photographs would be in my opinion, just as I have found the engravings from pre-photo publishing days similarly evocative.

Amongst the places with maritime connections are a half-dozen lighthouses, several maritime museums, some bridges, a castle, a fort, and the *U.S.S. Nautilus*. All interesting stuff for anyone with interest in this part of New England. Matthew's writing is at its best telling us about these historic landmarks, as it is in each of his columns telling us about the many rewards of his messing about in boats. It is for this reason that I bring you this short review, if the subject matter is of interest you will not be disappointed in the book.

Beyond the Long Eared Mountains

By David Hume
Publishing Works, Exeter, NH
www.publishingworks.com
ISBN 978-1-4401-4809-5
\$24.95



Whirlpools, Castles, a Skiff, and a Schooner

Here's a fine book for imaginative children who take sheet and tiller to head off on

a beam reach for the other side of the moon: *Beyond the Long Eared Mountains*: David Hume, author of several travel books and builder of a boat that he sailed to mystic places, has done what other notable academics have done. Like the Oxford dons Tolkein and Lewis, he fashions a tale of magic, riddles, adventure, and learning, like Grahame's *Wind in the Willows* and Ransome's *Swallows and Amazons*, his story should find a place on a narrow ledge over some young person's short V-berth. It could stand next to *Blueberry*, his earlier book and boat of that name, both labors of love and learning.

This present odyssey takes Marna, at home in her canoe on the River Spitte, and Eli, son of a cartographer, who weave their adventures together, discovering themselves first as individuals then as soul mates. Mushrooms? Yes, mycology is examined, as are music, mathematics, and things maritime. The book is a mix of a Homeric world filled with Hobbit-like creatures, rivers with shoals and whirlpools that recall Huckleberry Finn and Tom Sawyer on their raft, here the two youths navigating a variety of boats and Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, first star-crossed but later, after their trials, star-blessed. There's the stuff here that will appeal to children, well, young adolescents chaffing at being tied to the dock when they would rather be off sailing on their own. There's stuff here, too, for the well read sailor. The book voyages to Jerome's three men on the Thames, to Stevenson's treasure island, to Spenser and houses of wisdom, the counterpoint of Vivaldi, the architecture of Palladio, and the theorems of Pythagoras.

You cannot read this book fast. Nor should you want to do so, no more than you would wash down a good Stilton with a Campari and soda. Festiva lente. Hume's prose will slow you down and give you a chance to sing. The score to "Greensleeves" and the four-square hymn, "O God, Our Help in Ages Past" are here. The author is also his own illustrator and there are fine maps of the imaginary landscape to whet the imagination, along with charts of the rivers, sketches of the castles, and drawings of the skiff, a ketch, and the schooner *Polaris*. It is a book of growing into adulthood, as despair yields to hope and joy as the two young lovers at last reach for Cassiopeia out of the northwest window of their bridal room.

Beyond the Long-Eared Mountains' 250 pages are rich ones, for youth or adult. Hume lays down his prose with impeccable craftsmanship just as he did in lofting the plans for his little full-keeled cutter *Blueberry*. Here, there are the compound curves, too, for the adventures come with many twists. No pine knots for the reviewer to point out here, but a fine book for those few who like classic lines.
Jim Dean

Editor Comments: This review originally appeared in the November 2009 issue of *Sailing* magazine and is reprinted here verbatim with their permission. David also compiled a supplementary Teachers Guide Through the Passes of the Long-Eared Mountains to help guide the junior high students the book is aimed at through the many references to literature and philosophy in the book's text.

An excerpt from David's book *Blueberry*, a Boat of the Connecticut Shoreline, was featured as a cover story in our July 15, 1994 issue.

The book *Last Voyage* by Ann Davison deserves to be recognized as one of the epics of the sea; it is a beautifully written, often humorous account of the coastal life and times of NW England as the middle of the 20th century approached, but it is shot through with a sense of impending doom right from the start. Despite this, or perhaps because of it, it is a testament to the human spirit, remaining undefeated in the face of overwhelming adversity.

Ann Davison entered Frank's life in the 1930s when he advertised for a pilot to help him extend his flying activities with a summer season's joy riding at Stanley Park in Blackpool. She was a young freelance commercial pilot. He owned and managed Hooton Aerodrome on The Wirral, a field that was separated from the River Mersey by a road and the Manchester Ship Canal.

Frank Davison was already married to another adventurous and capable woman, also a pilot, but their relationship had become stormy and insecure before Ann came into their lives. The ensuing divorce was perfectly amicable, according to Ann, and she and Frank were married in 1939. Tragically his ex-wife, Joy, was killed in a flying accident the following year.

He had fought in the war, traveled the world and tried his hand at all kinds of adventurous careers, including that of cowboy, panning for gold, racing cars, and on one occasion sailing a cutter from Labrador up the St Lawrence River.

It is the sort of early life that is echoed later in the autobiography of another more successful sailor, Francis Chichester. Ann's life had been only slightly less strenuous, and she was attracted to Frank because he did not view her conventionally as a woman, but as a professional equal.

Marriage did not mean "settling down" to either of them and their life together was no less demanding from the outset. Her book touches on some of their attempts to improve their lives and fortunes after Frank parted with the airfield, or rather had it taken from him by the Air Ministry. They ran two gravel quarries in Flintshire, developed a five acre smallholding in the heart of The Wirral, and tried farming on Inchmurrin, an island in Loch Lomond. In all of these enterprises they had the most awful bad luck, the sort that makes for compelling reading. Then, in the middle of their travails, Frank decided that what they needed was adventure, preferably at sea, so he bought the *Reliance* which he had found for sale at Fleetwood.

She was a beautiful old fishing vessel, launched in 1903, 70' LOA, ketch-rigged, and very powerfully built. She was surveyed cheaply by a friend, Humphrey Barton of *Cardinal Vertue* fame. They planned to sail off into the sunset with her and seek their fortune in a warmer land that might not discourage them as relentlessly as postwar England had done. They set to work on her harder than they ever had on any previous project.

In the unstable postwar economic situation, prophetic of the credit crunch times we are presently living through, the Davisons saw their meagre funds sequestered by the banks, and when all loans were foreclosed and every financial source dried up, they were faced with the inevitable confiscation of their beloved ketch. Being by nature unable to surrender to circumstance, they formed the wild plan of slipping away quietly in *Reliance*. Once abroad, they reasoned, they could

Last Voyage

By Ann Davison

Reviewed by Keith Muscott

(My thanks to Peter Glover for copies of newspaper clippings and access to his personal archive)

Reprinted from the DCA Bulletin #207



Ann and Frank sailing on Lake Windemere.



charter themselves and the boat and eventually pay off all debts.

Unfortunately, the vessel was not ready in all respects for the sea. She was well-found enough, with a tremendously strong hull that they had worked on and improved further, but the sail locker was inadequate with just a few badly worn sails. The antique diesel engine failed them with depressing frequency. The only life raft they had was one of the ancient basket type from a ferry, a sort of lozenge-shaped canvas cradle ringed around with cork floats that was identical the right way up or capsized. It offered no real protection from wind and water.

Nevertheless, they settled on a date and made sail, leaving Fleetwood in the nick of time to escape the authorities, right into the teeth of a series of stormy depressions that hounded them down the Irish Sea. It soon became obvious by the frequency and eagerness with which they were offered help by coasters and fishing boats that the word was out and there was a price on their heads.

Eventually they found themselves trapped in the Channel, with neither the sail wardrobe nor the engine power to claw out of it against the prevailing westerly wind. The final act in this tragedy came when they were embayed between Start Point and Portland Bill, struggling against a gale. As Frank Davison became more exhausted he started to lose his mind and accuse Ann of all kinds of nonsense, such as holding wild parties in the hold of *Reliance* while he was struggling on deck at the wheel. After overcoming these problems and finally managing to hold their own against the gale as it momentarily subsided, they finally got on course to just squeeze past the Bill and out of the Channel. Relieved but exhausted and thirsty, Ann Davison lashed

the wheel and slipped below to make coffee; Frank was unconscious in his bunk.

The motion of the boat changed and she raced back on deck to find that *Reliance* had been knocked off course by a wave and was running down on to the Bill with terrible speed. Another prolonged struggle ensued, culminating in a rope grommet failing and the jib being blown over the side. When they got her head up and back on course their progress was fatally slow, and soon after passing the Bill they found themselves in the grip of a 6kt tide and being pushed backwards. The engine failed and they passed under the end of the Bill and through the rocks, miraculously without grounding, then up the east side of the Isle of Portland. After starting the engine they were able to pull slowly away from the rocky coast, but then it failed for the last time and *Reliance* drove into the cliff face, her bows jamming into a cave and her bowsprit cracking off.

Frank improvised a paraffin flare using some of Ann's clothes from a locker, but soon they were forced to consign themselves to the waves in, or rather on, their ridiculous open raft. As the current carried them away, Frank agonized about the end of his beloved *Reliance* as it ground violently on the rocks. "What a shame! What a shame." They left *Reliance* at 0200h; Ann's watch stopped later at 0823h.

They were taken offshore and down the coast, unseen by a steamer heading for Weymouth or the lifeboat close inshore heading for *Reliance*, despite their shouts. Then they were pushed out to sea, past *Reliance*, past Portland Bill, right to the centre of the maelstrom, the Portland Race. Their raft capsized and they were thrown out; they fought their way back onto it. Paddling furiously, Frank could even find it in himself to praise the seakeeping qualities of their basket with floats. "Not a bad little craft, this." But soon after he died in it; a victim of exhaustion and the cold.

The tide turned and took Ann on her raft up the west side of Portland Bill; soon she could see Chesil Beach. She began to feel that she might be deposited on the town beach, but the current then took her south and the breakers washed her into the base of the cliffs and upended the raft, leaving her in a cave almost at the end of the Bill. The surrounding cliffs were up to 70' in height. She scrambled over boulders and found a way through them up an earthy bank. Fifty feet above the sea she almost walked over the edge of it into oblivion, but checked just in time and scrambled to the top, emerging by radio masts.

Ann Davison had little sailing experience before this "Last Voyage." Her description of being taken out for the first time by Frank in a dayboat on Windermere in foul weather is an effective piece of comic writing. Soon after the *Reliance* tragedy she was asked by well meaning acquaintances what she would do now. She told them that she was going to write a book about the experience, which horrified them, as they saw it as a kind of betrayal. She saw it differently; the fight was not yet over. The book would be "a flaming sword" with which to vindicate her dead husband, shame those who had impoverished them and create a memorial to the *Reliance*.

Last Voyage proved to be an inappropriate title. Ann Davison went on to sail the Atlantic alone and write about it in *My Ship is So Small*. Frank had taught her well, but it was her indomitable spirit that lay behind her final success.

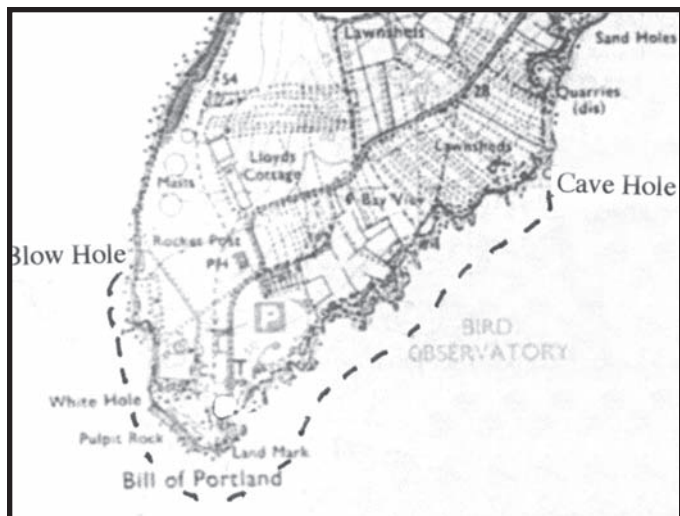


Above and right: *Reliance* wrecked in Cave Hole (contemporary newspaper photographs).

Isle of Portland. Cave Hole where *Reliance* was wrecked is at almost the tip of the Isle on the east coast. Blow Hole, where Ann finally came ashore is a short distance up the west coast.



Below: Cave Hole today photographed in 2010 by Peter Glover who lives on the edge of Portland Harbour.



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I'd like to pass on to interested readers information about a fellow, Dylan Winters, over in England who has a terrific series of sailing videos that can be watched on the web. It's called "Keep Turning Left." He is sailing incrementally around England, left-handed, which is to say north up the east coast, eventually all the way around. He pokes up all the navigable rivers, estuaries, and shipping areas that will hold a boat. It's a watery tour of some of the world's best sailing grounds.

He's a professional freelance photojournalist/sailor and does a very good job with this. He's also extremely pleasant and enjoyable to watch. These videos can be watched

Keep Turning Left

From Ted Johnson

on YouTube in very small size, but evidently the file size has to be very small in order to satisfy Google, and the experience is only OK but nowhere near as great as the videos that can be download to a computer. They are amazing! In order to be able to do this he charges \$4.99 a quarter (three months) which he hopes will at least cover his expenses. It's my view that it is much better to pay the price to be able to download the full videos. It's only five bucks! So far I've gotten roughly

75 films downloaded and they take up over 16GB. There's still some I don't have and he continues to add more. Something like 25 yet to go that he already has done plus, of course, any new ones made. He intends to sail on over the winter months and expects the entire tour to take several years.

Dylan sails a small "Mirror Offshore" pocket cruiser 19' long with an inboard diesel that he calls *Slug* as it's sluggish to sail. Nothing very fancy here! I think many readers would feel very comfortable with his style and philosophy. He's one of us *MAIB* people to a tee!

Here is an introductory excerpt from his website:

I am a middle aged, middle class man from middle England. I have been a sailor since I was eight years old, yet I have never been right around the island I have lived on all my life. I decided to make a start before I got too old to tolerate a small boat. I am not a rich man, so I can't afford to do the trip all in one go, I am doing it in stages between my real job as a cameraman and video journalist.

The boat had to be cheap and tough so I bought a 19' Mirror Offshore. She is nearly 50 years old and was designed by Van De Stadt for a competition being run by the *Daily Mirror* newspaper where the brief was to create a "yacht for the working man." She has impeccable socialist credentials. This was at a time when Harold Wilson was promising energy would be too cheap to measure and that the main problem facing Britain's labour force would be an excess of leisure time. What happened?

The Mirror Offshore has separate heads, an inboard Volvo diesel with a flywheel that would do justice to a tractor, a triple keel so she sits upright on the mud, and a 17' mast which is short enough for me to raise and lower myself. She was built of fibreglass at

Keep Turning Left Around Britain's 20,000 Mile Coastline in a 19' Boat



a time before they had managed to cut so many corners that they invented osmosis. She draws just over a welly, so I can usually

get by without using the \$40 eBay inflatable that I keep in the stern locker.

I used to race Eboats and Sonatas so I know how well a small yacht should sail. The Mirror sails like a pig. I intend to push her pudgy little bow up every estuary and river worth exploring along our 20,000-mile long coast. The journey might take me four, five, or six years, who cares? I won't if you won't. As a cameraman I would be filming the trip anyway and unedited film is a waste of shelf space. I might as well share it with YouTube and through this website.

So click on some one of the albums on my website, <http://keepturningleft.co.uk/LocalAbout.php>, to see some of the wonderful rivers, estuaries, boats, and birds I have encountered along the way. If you have the bandwidth or the patience for a big download click on a HD video and join me on my journey around our 20,000-mile coastline, it will be a long relationship. We can grow grey together. Dylan.winter@virgin.net



(I recall the great pleasure I had reading "Snubbin' Through Jersey" a while back, and it brought to mind a canal experience I had while I was in the Navy, right after World War II ended. So I'd like to submit this memoir for your consideration. The ship described in the article looked like a real beauty (as naval ships go), but she turned out to be a meretricious hag, thereby creating the conditions which made the canal part this voyage somewhat of an ordeal. Nevertheless, the experience was unforgettable.)

Among the many vessels the Navy shed at the end of WW II was a sleek little subchaser, the *USS PC 1208*. Many surplus vessels were destroyed in the Bikini Baker-Day atomic bomb tests, some were mothballed, some sold to foreign countries, some were broken up, and a few were given to Naval Reserve units for training. The Navy opted to send the *PC 1208* to the Buffalo, New York Naval Reserve Base, through the tight little locks and narrow waters of the old St Lawrence waterway, with just weeks to spare before the annual freeze up. The ship had spent most of the late war patrolling the Panama Canal waters and needed a considerable amount of repair, and in mid-November 1946 she was finishing a refit at the Navy Yard in Brooklyn, New York. While the refit was being concluded the Navy, to my great surprise, assigned me, a fairly junior officer, to command her, and to take her from Brooklyn to Buffalo.

The *USS PC 1208* was 173' long with a beam of about 20'. She was powered by two HOR diesel engines, each producing 1800hp, directly driven; that is to say there was no clutch or other means of disconnecting the engines from the propeller shafts. This arrangement would be more suitable to a steam engine than to a diesel, and certainly not optimally suitable for a ship which would be expected to do a lot of maneuvering alongside. The engines were started by high pressure air, not by an electric starting motor. I supposed that this unusual combination was satisfactory, since it apparently worked out well all during the war. As it turned out, however, it was very troublesome for me.

As you can imagine, I was delighted with this assignment, but I knew it was to be unlike my earlier naval experience aboard the venerable aircraft carrier *USS Saratoga CV3*; she was a giant ship and, as such, she offered no opportunity for junior officers to experience anything like the real seamanship, especially ship handling, which would be obviously necessary in the forthcoming voyage.

The next day, I had my first view of the *PC 1208*; it was very agreeable. The ship looked beautiful; she was as sleek as a greyhound and gave the appearance of being a miniature destroyer. When I reported aboard, I met the 19-man crew, made a tour of the ship, and a review of the charts we would need for the voyage; all in all, I was pleased with what I saw.

My sailing instructions were to proceed via Long Island Sound, through the Cape Cod Canal, to Halifax, Nova Scotia, for refueling, through the Gut of Canso, thence to Quebec City for replenishment. From there we were to proceed up the St Lawrence River, across Lake Ontario, and through the Welland Canal to our destination, Buffalo.

In late November, the last logistic details were complete, the Navy Yard had completed their refit. We were ready to go. Sailing date dawned bright, clear, and calm. I stationed the "special sea detail," singled up the moor-

Snubbing Through the St Lawrence

By Joseph Ress

ing lines, then gave the orders for getting underway: Slack 6, let go 3, 4, and 5; heave 'round on 1 (to get the stern out), then 'vast heaving and take in 6, 2 and 1. Underway. Everything went surprisingly smoothly; my mental rehearsals the previous night paid off. None of us had any real notion of how many times we would have to moor and unmoor once we were on the waterway.

We threaded our way out of the shipyard and turned north up the East River, passing Manhattan to port; soon we were through Hell Gate, proceeding through Long Island Sound at 10 knots. By the time we reached the Cape Cod Canal I was feeling more positive about everything. I had conscientiously taken and plotted navigational bearings all through our passage down the Sound in order to reacquaint myself with the skill of coastwise pilotage, heretofore practiced only in a classroom. By the time we took our departure from Provincetown, the crew seemed to have settled into their duties and watch stations without difficulty. From Provincetown, we headed northeastward to make a landfall at Cape Sable, on the western end of Nova Scotia, then, after making landfall, we continued coastwise toward Halifax. I recall that it was Thanksgiving day and the weather, while still clear, was getting noticeably colder.

We arrived at the Halifax sea buoy just as darkness fell. Never having approached a harbor by night, for me the entire scene quickly became a confusing myriad of colored lights of all description; I knew that some were important navigational beacons and others were just lights. It was very confusing. In the event, I thought it best to proceed slowly into the harbor from one channel buoy to the next. To say that I was scared witless is to understate the matter. Then, about halfway down the harbor channel I spotted a vessel approaching us at high speed, with both port and starboard running lights showing, on a collision course. I mentally reviewed the Rules of the Road, certain that my naval career was soon to be prematurely over. But as she closed, she slowed and came alongside. Turned out to be a Canadian Navy patrol vessel of some sort with a Canadian naval officer in the shrouds who called out offering his services as a pilot. I could have kissed him!

We continued through Halifax harbor and tied up alongside the "Gun Pier" on the Dartmouth side of the harbor. Incidentally, I noticed a fine-looking seagoing tug that was moored on the other side of the pier; turns out it was the *Foundation Franklin*, later made famous in the book *The Gray Seas Under* by the Canadian author, Farley Mowat.

Next morning, I reported to the commandant of *HMCS Stadacona* in Halifax, an admiral in the RCN, who graciously invited me to lunch and offered some navigational advice about the Gut of Canso, the narrow strait dividing Nova Scotia and Cape Breton Island, farther along our route. He cautioned me about the currents and other navigational hazards. In 1955 a causeway traversing the Gut was built, but in 1946 it was still a clear passage through the Gut. The Admiral said that it would take the best part of a day to get through the Gut and into the Gulf of St Lawrence.

Our business in Halifax complete, we left the following day and again proceeded northeastward to Chedabucto Bay, on the eastern coast of mainland Nova Scotia, where I reviewed our navigational charts in preparation to the transit of the Gut. The Gut of Canso is a long thin channel only about 17 miles long and averaging two miles wide (a half mile at its narrowest), and connects the Atlantic Ocean to the Northumberland Strait in the Gulf of St Lawrence. It is bounded on the north by St Georges Bay and on the south by Chedabucto Bay.

We entered Chedabucto Bay in the early morning, passed through the Gut, and reached the Gulf of St Lawrence that evening. I was quite fascinated by the Gut; it provided an imposing panorama. I sensed that I was passing between two large continental land masses. I also noted that there were two attractive towns facing each other, one at Port Hawksbury on the eastern side and Mulgrave on the western side.

That night we passed through St Georges Bay and entered the Northumberland Straits heading westward between Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia. During the night we saw the ferry that connected PEI with the mainland, all lit up like a floating city, but it is now replaced by the Confederation Bridge.

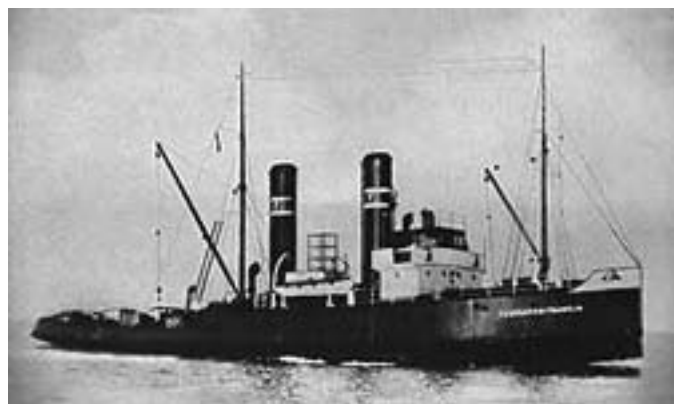
After passing PEI to starboard, we turned northward around the Gaspé Peninsula through the Gaspé Passage and into the St Lawrence River itself. As we proceeded up the river, we picked up a river pilot at Rimouski (Father Point) on the southern shore of the river; he was a pretty old guy; he said his name was Hector. He told us that this was to be his final trip on the river; he was retiring. Well, the wind increased as we ascended the river and in a short time the seas became a bit steep; the river at that point was still quite wide and the ship pitched and rolled more than she had done in the earlier part of the voyage in the Atlantic. Then, Hector got seasick. He stayed below for a few hours, until we reached calmer waters upstream, and then returned to the bridge. Actually, the river was so broad at that point that I didn't see the need for a pilot at all, but those were the navigation regulations.

During this part of the passage, our chief engineer reported that we would have to shut down the port engine; he said that it had developed a serious bearing problem and was in danger of burning out. He said that repairs would be extensive and that it required shipyard assistance. Now the question I was faced with was whether to proceed on the voyage, or return to the Brooklyn Navy Yard for repairs. I was unable to report this by radio to the officer in charge of the Reserve Vessel program at the Third Naval District, so I had to wait until we reached Quebec the next day and telephone him. After all, I still had 1800 horsepower on the starboard shaft.

It snowed as we tied up at Quebec City. On arrival, I telephoned the Third Naval District and reported the situation. I asked if he could arrange for a repair yard further up the river, say at Montreal, or other such facility. I was told that shipyard repairs would delay the voyage too much, especially since we were trying to make Buffalo before the ice closed the waterway; returning to Brooklyn at this stage of the trip was out of the question. He added that we must do the best we could with what we had. Old Navy tradition.



USS PC 1208.



Foundation Franklin.



The Route.

Nova Scotia.



Northumberland Strait.

A Typical Seaway Lock.



Quebec is certainly a beautiful city, and being there gave me a chance to try out my schoolboy French “in the field” so to speak; however, the language they spoke in Quebec was not what I learned in French class. Nevertheless, the scenery and the food were magnificent.

We departed Quebec for Montreal; the terrain and the views were dramatic for most of the way between the two cities, but the weather kept getting colder and colder. At Montreal, we entered what was then (in 1946) called the St Lawrence Waterway (this was later upgraded and renamed the St Lawrence Seaway). The Waterway was a complex creation of locks, canals, and channels that permitted vessels to travel from the Atlantic as far as Lake Superior. It was not a continuous river or canal; it com-


prised stretches of navigable channels within the river, and a number of locks to bypass rapids and dams in the waterway.

Today there are only a few, but very large, locks between Montreal and Lake Erie, but back in 1946, there were many more locks, (if memory serves correctly, there were ten small locks between Montreal and Lake Ontario) and the waterway was tiny compared to what the Seaway is today. The new and improved seaway opened in 1959, and incidentally, its opening is often credited with making the Erie Canal obsolete, which is thought to have set off a notable economic decline of several cities in upstate New York.

My first encounter with a lock of any sort was at the Soulanges Canal (it is now

abandoned) which followed the north shore of the St Lawrence River, thus bypassing the Lachine rapids which are a series of extremely brisk and active waters between the Island of Montreal and the south shore. When we arrived, the lock gates were closed, as there was an eastbound ship in the lock, being lowered,

Every lock in the St Lawrence had a pier (sometimes called an apron) just outside the gates of the lock on both the upper and lower sides (I think this is a universal, worldwide practice, except perhaps for the English “narrow” canals). The function of this pier is to provide a place for entering vessels to tie up and wait if the lock is in use and the gates are closed.



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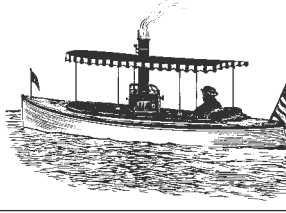
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When the Soulanges lock gates opened a short time later, and the downstream-going laker passed out of the lock, I cast off and called for slow speed ahead. I heard the starting air hiss, then silence; the engine refused to start. The Chief Engineer called up and said that we had lost air pressure and couldn't start her. Thoroughly embarrassed, I had six of the deck crew jump down onto the pier and take her lines to tow her into the lock (with several Quebecois witnessing our humiliation). Actually, she was a fairly easy ship to move; it took those six seamen only a few minutes to position her in the lock.

While we were being raised in the lock, we made a careful inspection which revealed that a bad air leak had developed in a safety valve in the air starting system and, like the earlier problem with the port engine, it was clearly beyond the ship's capability to repair it while underway. However, the chief engineer was able to jury rig some kind of plug but unable to stop the leak entirely. We could probably still build up starting pressure, but it would take a long time.

After the lock filled and the upper gates were opened, we still didn't have enough air pressure to start, so we towed her out of the lock and tied up to the upper apron to assess the situation. In just this one moment, everything about this voyage changed; losing the port engine was an inconvenience, but not being able to rely on starting the remaining starboard engine was a calamity. The hidden precariousness of the peculiar arrangement of the propulsion system now became obvious.

Most diesel marine propulsion engines had clutches so the engine could remain running during maneuvering, or in the case of diesel-electric propulsion, the shafts would be controlled by the generators and electric motors so that the engines, once started, would continue to run, a luxury we did not have. The direct drive between the engine and the screw meant that every engine order from a "stop" position required the engine to be started, thus depleting some (of our now-precious) starting air pressure. And worse yet, it meant that we were not be able to go from "ahead" to "astern" in order to reduce speed, as is normal when coming alongside. That would have necessitated the engine to be stopped, and then started in reverse, a now impossible maneuver as we had to conserve the starting air pressure as much as possible.

Then, to make things worse, I discovered that there were no line-handling personnel at any of the locks to take our lines as we

approached. That meant that we would have to put one of our own crew ashore to take our mooring lines. So we made up a simple pennant, consisting of a loop (a large bow-line knot) through which a seaman could put one foot. We led the standing part to a set of forward bitts on the starboard side and lowered the seaman to the level of the pier as we came alongside. At a propitious moment, the seaman would hop ashore, and first take our number two mooring line, put it on a bollard, and then run aft to do the same with the stern line. On board, we would hold or slack the #2 line as necessary to ease the ship to a stop. This operation could be tricky and dangerous if there was any ice or snow on the pier.

And there was yet another unpleasant surprise: each lock had an outflow sluice which exited a little below the lower lock gates, and this current had a crosswise component to the axis of the canal. This outflow was continuous and could be quite strong during the time that lock was being emptied. Therefore, on our approach, we had to be moving fast enough to maintain adequate steerage-way as we steered through the outflow stream. It was therefore a question of judgment (and perhaps some good fortune) as to when to stop the engine so that there was enough "reach ahead" to pass through the outflow current and yet safely reach the pier.

As a result of this now-altered state of affairs, I decided that for the balance of the canal portion of the trip we would never enter any lock directly because of the potential damage we might cause, but would always tie up to the pier below the lock gate, regardless of whether the gates were open or closed. We would then manhandle the ship into the lock (as we had done at the Soulanges lock). And after passing through any lock, if the air starting pressure was questionable, we would man-haul her out of the lock and wait at the upper pier for enough pressure to start the engine. That was the plan.

With an agile seaman dropped onto each pier (using our special pennant) taking our lines, we towed her into lock after lock. It wasn't as nautically stylish as it might have been if we had any engine reliability, but surprisingly it worked pretty well.

We passed through the remainder of the locks without any further misadventure. The routine had become familiar to all hands, and by the time we left the last lock in the St Lawrence, an observer might well have thought that we were all a bunch of "old canal hands." I planned to transit the Welland Canal the same way. Unfortunately, by the time we passed through the Thousand Islands and reached Lake Ontario, we received word that the Welland Canal would close for the season due to an early onset of ice. I was then ordered to proceed to Oswego, New York (on Lake Ontario), and deliver the vessel to the Naval Reserve commander there. And that's where the voyage ended.

I always regretted the fact that we didn't reach our intended destination, Buffalo, which needed only another two, or possibly three, more days. When I returned to New York I had a new set of orders waiting for me; a 136' wooden minesweeper (almost more like a large yacht than a warship). Like the *PC 1208*, she also had twin diesel engines but thankfully, they were coupled to their shafts through very effective clutches. As it happened, she both looked and handled like an oversized lobster boat. But that's another story.

While in the military, I spent most of two years (1953-55) in Alaska and I loved the place. Instead of returning home for a 30-day leave after my first year like a good son should, I apologized to my parents and used most of that time to tour the Alaskan wilderness. Three of us, in a well-worn ancient Pontiac Chieftain, drove south from 50 miles above Anchorage to Homer on the Kenai coast, a small commercial fishing village we wanted to explore and perhaps rent a boat, then turned around and headed north to the end of the road in those days on the great Yukon River just south of the Arctic Circle. We hoped to at least do some boating on the Yukon.

Our first objective was to head south on the Kenai peninsula to Homer. The coastline was pristine, almost primeval, with small Russian looking settlements here and there. Oil had not yet been discovered on the peninsula and there were no rigs or refineries, such as I suppose you would see today, to spoil the sense of wilderness.

We found Homer to be an old-fashioned fishing village where commercial halibut fishing seemed to be the main activity. Most of the buildings near the shore were mounted on pilings to adapt to the 30' tides. The air and sea were clean and wonderful. We stayed overnight in some rooms used mostly by itinerant fishermen just off the docks, just to get some flavor of the little town. They were just basic rooms with hard beds, and an outhouse out back, all that was available at the time.

The next day the weather was good and, although I wanted very much to rent a sailboat, there were none to be found. So for an outrageous price we rented a small outboard skiff and explored part of the awesome coastline of Kachemac Bay. The bay is well protected from the Gulf of Alaska and we enjoyed an incredible small boat journey, seeing mountains and glaciers coming right down into the bay, much as people see them today from cruise ships. But seeing them from such a small boat up close and personal, is an experience that cannot begin to be matched from a cruise ship.

The next day it was back up the gravel road to visit Seward, then another primitive but spectacular fishing location on the east coast of the peninsula, which fronts on Prince William Sound, famous today for the Exxon Valdez oil spill. The scenery was dramatic, with jagged, snow covered mountains coming right down into the sound, separated by glacial valleys with ice cliffs looming high over the water. We had a terrific view from the docks of Seward into Resurrection Bay. But no boating was to be had.

Reluctantly, we left the relatively warm and friendly Kenai and headed northwest for the cold north. The road between Anchorage and Fairbanks was under heavy construction

To the Yukon in 1954

By J.J. Bohnaker



The old Chieftain on typical "highway."

and only partly paved. From then on it was a hard slog for the old Chieftain over mostly dirt tracks, fording streams, etc, and he asked for a shot of oil. We also lost a tire and were happy we had brought a spare.

After driving through hundreds of miles of spectacular Alaskan scenery we saw Fairbanks ahead in the distance, eventually turning into an oversized and somewhat drab looking village, or so it seemed to me. Wood and log buildings, "sourdough" saloons, and, later, tawdry night life seemed to be everywhere. There were a few nondescript three or four story high concrete or brick buildings in the town center. At that time, Fairbanks' main attraction was the gold mining history from yesteryear and there were more Gold Nugget saloons and restaurants than I really cared to see. We stayed a day, exploring what little there was of interest and stumbled across the University of Alaska Museum, a truly worthwhile place to visit.

The museum had several rooms devoted to the Inuit culture. They focused mainly on the Dorset, Thule, and modern Eskimo groups. There were exhibits of both arts and crafts, including tools, hunting weapons, and, most meaningful of all to me, a room devoted to the kayak and its origins as well as several other skin boats. The Paleo-Eskimo people are believed to have been present in Alaska 5,000 years ago. They were thought to have used skinned boats similar to kayaks, although only marginal archeological evidence has been found such as bits and pieces of bone and driftwood that may have been parts of a boat.

The later Dorset culture (roughly 900-1400AD) was represented mostly by the intricate art they produced. Exquisitely detailed carvings done in ivory, bone, and antler representing polar bears and sea mammals, as well as small portraits of people in

great distress, lent an air of high mystery to these ancient peoples. The Dorset were followed by (or absorbed by) the Thule (roughly 1000-1600AD). The Thule were innovative and incredible whale hunters and are more or less credited with development of the modern sea kayak, as well as larger undecked skin boats called umiaks. Some of the umiaks were even propelled by square sails set on stepped masts! The modern Eskimo groups sprang from the Thule and adapted these boats to fit the regions where they led their nomadic lives.

The kayak room contained a faint whiff of death. There were several exhibits of different original hulls, as well as the sleds used to pull them across the ice, excavated from ice fields and other archeological digs. The hull construction on early models was mostly done with the bones of whales and walrus, with the rib bones being formed into the ribs and stringers of the kayak. The pieces were lashed together with sinew or gut and covered usually with seal skins, although only tatters or nothing remained of the skins. Some of the hulls used driftwood ingeniously carved to shape ribs and stringers. The later infusion of Norse culture into the arctic led to using wooden boards to make stringers and ribs.



Wooden kayak frame inside nine-man umiak "whale hunter."

There were several excellent replicas made of bone by Eskimos to show the beauty and remarkable strength of the finished kayak. It was hard to imagine men setting out to hunt large sea mammals (including small

Mountains plunge right into Kachemac Bay..



Icebergs near Seward on Resurrection Bay.





Mid-summer ice shelf above Fairbanks.



The Yukon port town of Circle, Alaska, 1954.

whales) in such small, exquisite and fragile-looking craft. Of course, they were much, much tougher than they looked.

I was moved by the beauty of these small boats but it took quite a while before the public came to realize how wonderful they are. We did not see one recreational kayak while on this trip. Today, there are thousands of them for rent.



Another kayak type with single paddle set on sledge.

The next leg of the trip was between Fairbanks and Circle City. The road in those days was mostly a rough trail headed northeast to the banks of the Yukon River. Circle was billed as the "end of the road in North America," located just 50 miles south of the Arctic Circle. We had been warned in Fairbanks that our car was not suitable for the trip and that almost proved to be true. Sev-

eral streams flooded across the road and the old Chieftain managed to get himself stuck. Rescue came in the form of an old rusty truck returning from Circle. A pleasant old chap, quite drunk, was very helpful.



The best stop on the Yukon in 1954.

When we arrived at our final destination, the Yukon, we scrambled down the banks of the mighty river and dipped tin cups into the cleanest water that could be found, baptized the old and loyal Pontiac Chieftain, and took a deep draft of the brown and silted beverage. It tasted awful but that was quickly followed with a nice shot of Yukon Jack whiskey, the best of Fairbanks rotgut, and a piece of stiff, homebaked sourdough.

The Circle Trading Post had some handmade wooden and skinned canoes, but none for rent. Most of the customers were trappers or hunters who came by canoe from their wilderness cabins hundreds of miles away and would make the trip up the Yukon whenever they had enough skins to trade for supplies or cash. We met one old sourdough trapper from "a hundred miles away" who asked us if we had any salt! It seems that the trading post was awaiting a supply from Fairbanks, but he told us he had to leave and needed salt badly. We had most of a 11b bag with us and gave it to him, to his great joy.

For that, he unloaded some gear from his large wood and canvas canoe and gave us a short ride out onto the mighty Yukon River. What a great, if somewhat scary, experience! The Yukon has a mighty grip, but the old sourdough knew how to wend his way between the difficult currents. After that we couldn't find a boat for rent so the day was spent hiking around the environs and casually fishing the river, while visiting with local people and trading post customers.

The Yukon at that point and at that time seemed to be several miles across and it flowed by the trading post a great vista of blue and brown, a silted and somewhat somber body of water, with dwarfed trees and



Yukon River boats at the port of Circle.

Lone Athabascan girl outside of her home on the Yukon.



bushes on the banks, competing with each other and the fierce elements for life, channeling men and fish to unknown destinies. It was still the life blood of the Arctic with small, commercial river boats bringing people and goods from all over. It was our good fortune to see these things while Alaska was still a territory, before the discovery of oil, still a genuine frontier and a place of wild beauty and wonder.

We were excited and awed by the Yukon. It was such a giant of a river and, except for the few river boats, was virtually free of commercial traffic. It was a paradise for small boats and canoes, although a paradise with teeth if you didn't respect the powerful spirit of the river and its tricky banks. We were lucky to meet an old resident of Circle who, after a few snorts of Yukon Jack, was nice enough (or crazy enough) for a small sum, to let us use his old canvas canoe for a few hours. What luck! But the truth was none of us were very familiar with canoes, aside from a Boy Scout outing I'd had as a kid. Without life jackets (no one used life jackets on the Yukon!) we were lucky not to drown.

From that short trip, the need for respecting the river was quickly learned. The banks were filled with canoe crushing snags and the current and boils were deceptively hidden by the massive, but slow moving flow. When he took us out for the canoe ride, the old sourdough had made it look deceptively easy.

Much too soon we had to leave the Yukon. It was time to return to our military duties. The Yukon was special and something I wouldn't soon forget.



Every summer at the end of August the Village of Patchogue (Long Island, New York) lends its waterfront facilities to a clique of motorheads who stage what they call "The Battle of the Bay." While the name itself could be psychoanalyzed for quite some time, the ostensible point of the event is the racing of cigarette boats around the Great South Bay. The real point is, of course, macho displays by men trapped in a state of arrested development.

So I mailed a letter out to the mayor of the Village of Patchogue, who will always respond to positive correspondence but refuses to even acknowledge anything negative. So, needless to say, no comment was forthcoming. He's a nice guy but it's an unfortunate quirk he has. But I thought there are some among your readership who might second the motion, so I am sharing my views expressed in my letter to the mayor with you. Around here it appears I ruffled a couple of feathers. As I am down in Mob territory, I'll have to be more careful in the future.

I also sent a copy of it to a local periodical (*Long Island Advance*) and was startled to see it make the paper. And though they edited the bejeezus out of it they did leave in the cesspit comment, which appears towards the end, which I found really surprising, as it is one of the more incendiary statements in the whole letter.

Attn: Mayor Pontieri (cc: Village Trustees and *Long Island Advance*)

Your Honor: As I couldn't sit on my porch a half-mile up from the water because of the noise I thought I'd jot down a few musings concerning this event given the title of

Battle of the Bay

By Brian Salzano
briansalzano@gmail.com

"the battle of the bay" (and I wouldn't honor any part of it with proper capitalization). I appreciate that the Village of Patchogue wants to attract people down to the waterfront in support of local businesses. I question whether "the battle of the bay" is really an appropriate way to do it. I can give you a laundry list of why it's not the brightest idea:

- It is a high impact use of an already impaired water body. Coastal municipalities should be protecting the Great South Bay from this sort of nonsense instead of lending their facilities to it.

- It turns large patches of a public waterway into a private amusement park for a self-interested motorheads who have no right to it and for which there is no conceivable public benefit.

- It permits Those Types to impose themselves on the entire population within a half mile of the shoreline from Bellport to Sayville in the form of the most obnoxious and incessant noise pollution.

- A municipality which prides itself on a progressive vision for the future should not be even remotely associated with such childish displays, the sole material product of which is the spewing of pollution into the air and water up and down the bay.

I could go on but you probably get my drift. What kind of example is this setting for people? How about a nice local seafood festival? But there's no local seafood left, is

there? This, of course, is due to all the high-impact uses to which the Great South Bay has been sacrificed, high impact uses such as this infantile "battle of the bay."

How about something that encourages and sets as an example some low impact uses? The Optimist regatta was a great example of that. Not only was it an arguably fossil fuel free event, but it neither required closing off half the bay to traffic (due to the inherently safe nature of the activity), nor did it create a level of noise pollution that disrupted activities half a mile inland.

I guess the influx of money to the downtown/shorefront area is nice, but we Americans have spent too much time encouraging and catering to crass, self-indulgent activities for our own good. If you want to see the results of that, just take a look around.

I apologize for my tone but this whole thing is infuriating to me. Over the course of my life I've watched the Bay turn into the cesspit that it is because of the endless variety of high impact uses permitted by my local governments, from the Fed to the Village. The muscle boats are, of course, just one little piece, but a piece that reveals how little the mode of thought has changed over time and how unlikely change is to be. And when I see people such as yourself, surely a person who ought to know better, getting involved in and promoting the same sorts of activities that over the long run are destroying the Bay, I tend to lose my perspective.

Thank you for your consideration of this. If there is some logical defense of this "battle of the bay" I would really appreciate hearing it.

What a great summer for canoe enthusiasts it has been! Things started on a high note with our Father's Day paddle on the Sudbury and the Concord with a record turnout of paddlers and canoes along with the dedication of the Chestnut Ogilvy canoe that we as a Chapter restored and donated to the WCFIA for the annual auction at the Assembly.

At the auction the Ogilvy brought \$1,200 for the WCHA treasury. A big "thank you" goes out to everyone who assisted in the restoration of this canoe. The winning bidder was Wayne McCutcheon from northern New Hampshire. Fittingly, he wants the big, stable Ogilvy to take his grandchildren paddling in, just as Lou Mutschler had intended to do with it.

The WCHA Assembly was a complete success at Franklin Pierce University in New Hampshire; there were as many as 500 attendees and well over 200 canoes on the green. I counted at least 30 Norumbega members in attendance, many of them at Assembly for the first time. Let's make it a Chapter goal to have a large presence at the next Assembly which will be held back at Paul Smith's College in New York in 2011.

Another Chapter effort we made at the Assembly was guiding a canoe trip on the East Branch of the Tully River and Long Pond in nearby Royalston, Massachusetts. We had the opportunity to show off some scenic New England waters to WCHA members from all over North America, England, and Germany. Yes, Germany. WCHA member Friedrich Knoeller joined me in the Chestnut Chum for the trip. Friedrich hails from Marburg, Germany, and he traveled here to attend the Assembly, and David Houghton, who heads up the UK Chapter, joined us as well.



The Ogilvy, at the Assembly, waiting to be auctioned.

Father's Day on the Sudbury and Concord Rivers

Great weather, a big crowd, and a bunch of wooden canoes, what more could a Dad ask for? This was our sixth annual Father's Day event and it turned out to be the biggest turnout that we have ever had for a Norumbega paddling event. There was a traffic jam

Most of our group at the take-out, that's the O'Brien's B.N. Morris canoe in back of the Ogilvy.



Norumbega Notes

From the Southern New England Chapter of the Wooden Canoe Heritage Association, Ltd.

What a Great Summer!

Report and Photos by Steve Lapey

at the Sherman's Bridge put-in on the Sudbury River as the wooden canoes started to arrive, literally by the truckload.

Brent Allen with his wife, Elizabeth, daughter Liselle, and son Henry from Carlisle joined in, perhaps soon to be converts to the ways of wood and canvas. Today they used John's 18' Old Town Guide. Brent has some wooden boat building experience, having completed a traditionally built cedar lapstrake tender a few years ago. Plans for bigger boat building projects are being tossed about for the future.

David Dumas arrived from Gray, Maine, with his wife, Suzanne, daughter Laura, and son Adam. They all paddled the big 18' Chestnut Prospector along with Abby the dog. There was still room for more in this *Voyageur*!

John Fiske and his son Alex paddled their 15' Prospector, made by the Temagami Canoe Co and painted bright yellow with the Temagami logo on the side.

Brendan Fitzgerald soloed the little 12' Peterborough, just the right size for him, larger paddlers have been known to find this canoe a little on the tipsy side but Brendan had none of those problems. This Peterborough, from 1954, carries a 75th Anniversary decal; I guess 1954 was a big year in Peterborough.

John Fitzgerald brought out the 18 1/2' E.M. White Guide canoe to carry his mom, Sue and his daughter Erin. Another big canoe with plenty of room to spare.

Maria Fitzgerald used a double paddle to propel her 13' Mill Creek kayak that John made from a Chesapeake Light Craft kit. The



Ed Howard arriving at the lunch stop with the Kingsbury canoe.—Photo by John Fitzgerald

mahogany plywood decks contrast nicely with the dark green hull and it appears to just skim across the water.

Ed Howard paddled a 16' Kingsbury replica made by Kevin Martin of Epping, New Hampshire. In dark brown with gold leaf trim the canoe looked right at home on these historic waters.

My son Dan was pressed into service to handle the stern of his mother's 16' Yellowbird. This canoe, serial #2 off my form, was made for Deborah in 2006 and this was the third or fourth time that it has seen the water. It is apparent that we will not wear this one out.

Ed Moses celebrated a maiden voyage with the Chestnut *Doe* that he just finished up. He put the final screws in the stem bands at 10:30 the night before to have it ready. With the Dacron covering this easy to paddle 15-footer weighs in at 51lbs.

We were joined by three members of the Mutschler family, Ethan and his son Levi and Deborah. Ethan and Deb are children of the late Lou Mutschler who gave so much to the Chapter and whose Chestnut Ogilvy we had restored and donated to the WCHA. They paddled in the huge 20' Old Town Guide that Lou restored a few years ago with me doing the guide's job in the stern seat.



Ethan, Deb, and Levi Mutschler with the Ogilvy canoe, dubbed "See You in the Trees," which is the phrase that Lou Mutschler always used to sign off on his notes.

Greg and Shelly O'Brien paddled a 16' 1915 Morris, another good period craft for these waters. If prizes were being awarded, the O'Brien's would have won for the oldest canoe on the trip.

Paul Shirley and his daughter Stacy paddled the stripper that Paul made, his work is outstanding! The stripper's hull is a stunning combination of white and red cedar and it is trimmed with curly maple and walnut.

By my count we had 11 canoes, one kayak, 27 people, and one dog paddling on these historic rivers and enjoying a picnic lunch at the Old North Bridge in Concord. Can we do better next year?

Sailboats, big and small, at the Salem Festival.



The Quinebaug River Water Trail

On Saturday, July 24, we traveled to the Sturbridge, Massachusetts, area to explore the Quinebaug River. Jack Figgie chose the Quinebaug River Canoe Trail, maintained by the Army Corps of Engineers for this event; the Quinebaug is dammed at Sturbridge as part of a flood control system protecting cities along the Thames River in Connecticut as well as Sturbridge and Southbridge in Massachusetts. The river meanders through a marshy area for about five miles from the outlet of Holland Pond to a landing area near the East Brimfield Dam.



The Quinebaug near the put-in area.

The put-in point was at a nice landing with a roomy parking area just as the river exits Holland Pond. Here our small group gathered, Jack Figgie and his friend Joe Desmarais from West Chesterfield, way out in western Mass, along with Paul and Cathy Shirley from Whitinsville, and me.

Jack paddled his Mansfield canoe; it has a fiberglass hull with the ribs molded into the bottom along with wood trim. It is as close to a wooden canoe as he could get and it will have to do until he finishes the Chestnut Pal that is in his shop now.

Paul and Cathy paddled the 16' Chestnut Ogilvy that Paul recently restored. This Ogilvy is a twin to the one that we had restored for the WCHA auction.

I chose the bring my 15' Chum for this trip, the little 15-footer is quickly becoming my favorite solo boat, it is easy to move around and it is a joy to paddle.

The river is small at the start and with the dry summer that we have been having the water level was pretty low, however, there was enough depth and I never touched bottom the entire way. The marsh area that the river passes through is completely undeveloped and it was like we had the world to ourselves. We didn't see any other canoeists or kayakers, just birds and wildlife.

The birds that we saw included several great blue herons, a black crowned night heron, kingfishers, and wood ducks, among others. Beavers have been busy on the Quinebaug building large lodges but no dams at this time. I guess they are leaving the dam operations to the Corps of Engineers.

My only complaint about the trip was that it was too short, the take-out came upon us way too soon, however, it appeared that we would be getting some afternoon thunder-showers so perhaps it was best that we got off the river early. I believe that with a portage around the East Brimfield Dam this trip could be extended quite a way down the Quinebaug through Sturbridge and Southbridge and on into Connecticut.

The Salem Maritime Festival

Once again we were invited to partake in the Salem, Massachusetts, Maritime Festival at the National Park site in Salem. We set

up shop under a tent and passed out WCHA literature and chatted with folks about wooden canoes, the WCHA, and the Norumbega Chapter. Stuart Fall spent most of the day working the booth and Bill Carter came from Hopedale to be with us for a while.

I brought two canoes, my *Sweet Sixteen* and the Chestnut *Chum* with its sail rig set up. The sailing canoe attracted a lot of attention, it is amazing how many people have never seen nor heard of a sailing canoe. We have a lot of educating to do.

Long Pond and the East Branch of the Tully River

Saturday, August 14, found us returning to Tully for another trip up the East Branch of the Tully River to Long Pond and then further up the river until the beaver dams got too close together for our liking. It was a perfect day, pleasantly warm with clear skies and just a light breeze; it is too bad that these days can't go on all year round.



Norumbega canoes on Long Pond.

I was first at the put-in with my *Chum* and soon the others started to arrive. Jack Figgie and Joe Desmarais arrived from West Chesterfield, this time paddling an Old Town kayak and an Old Town 12' pack canoe which Joe is planning to take to Wyoming later in August for an extended adventure.

Paul Shirley paddled his 16' Ogilvy and his new puppy, a nine-week-old Brittany Spaniel from Ed Moses' recent litter. Within a few minutes of Paul arriving, Ed showed up with his 15' foot Chestnut *Doe* and another puppy. The brother and sister were happy to see each other again and soon they were both enjoying their first canoe ride. For the record, Paul's dog, the female, was the one to decide to jump out of the boat to see if she could swim. She could, but, she was a little con-

Paul Shirley re-entering after crossing a beaver dam.



fused by the quick dip.

Alan and Chantal Doty from Conway came for their first Norumbega adventure with the strip canoe that Alan built from a Clark-Craft kit.

The water level was just a bit lower than it was when we did the trip with the Assembly crowd, however, there were no problems along the way. We were even able to find that elusive outlet from the river into Long Pond. The beaver dams were still present on the upper river and we had the opportunity to practice our lift-over procedures going up and again coming down the river. By this time both puppies were sleeping peacefully in the bottoms of their canoes.

We enjoyed a nice rest break and had lunch at the point near the southern end of Long Pond and then re-launched the canoes and returned to the canoe launch area back at Doane's Hill Road. Another pleasant trip at Tully, plan on seeing this on next year's schedule.



Shelly and Cole O'Brien enjoying the Old Town on the Tully River.

Massachusetts Kayak Safety Bill Sinks

The "Kayak Safety Bill" that has been floating about in the Massachusetts Statehouse for almost five years has apparently died, at least for the time being. This "safety bill" started out just for kayakers but at the last minute canoes were added to the portion of the bill that would require PFDs to be worn at all times. There were lots of other requirements in the bill, but, all of them pertained to kayakers only.

Apparently, the House and the Senate could not come up with a final version of the bill before the current session ended. This is not to say that it won't be re-introduced in the next session.

The result is that the rules for us are unchanged; we are required to have a PFD on board for each person at all times and in the cold water months, from September 15 until the following May 15, everybody has to wear a PFD. Children under age 12 are required to wear their PFDs at all times.

Wednesday, August 13: Contrary to any reasonable expectation, this day dawns clear and bright. The first thing I notice is that the wooden ketch from two days ago (the old boy and the comely young women) has mysteriously appeared overnight and is now lying on a mooring nearby. Seems like they must have come in sometime after dark in the pouring rain...

The old boy can be seen pottering around with various tasks on deck but his lovely companions are nowhere to be seen. We hope that he hasn't dealt with them Blackbeard-fashion (or was it Bluebeard?). However that may be, he now starts up his engine and departs as mysteriously as he had come. Curiously, I note that the ball from the mooring he was using has disappeared along with him. So to his rap sheet, a long list of suspected crimes and misdemeanors, must be added the charge of buoy theft.

There is no wind as yet so I laze around on deck with coffee and a book. I'm reading a collection of Lincoln Colcord's stories. Descendant of a long line of Searsport sea captains, Colcord grew up on sailing ships in the China trade, but came up just too late to become a mariner in sail himself so turned to journalism and fiction. His tales of monsoons, piracy, shipwreck, and wily, pig-tailed Chinamen are worth more than a look. My great hero Sterling Hayden, author and topmast man on the *Gertrude M. Thebault* among other accomplishments, was a great fan of his, so how could I be otherwise?

It's hot in the cockpit and I am slowly baking. Just when I think I will have to take a swim or indulge in some other form of bast- ing, a nice little breeze springs up, providentially out of the NW. We will not have to tack all the way out of this narrow mile long gut after all, not that doing so would be any terrible ordeal. Particularly since she shed her propeller, *Penelope* is very close winded and easy to sail to weather. No jib sheets to bother with and, in all the years I have had her, she has never missed stays even once.

But reaching is easier still and it is fine to be ghosting silently along in the morning sun, quiet and serene as a milkweed seed floating on the August breeze. We clear Orcutt Harbor and make our way along the Cape Rosier shore. We are headed SW at what seems to be a safe distance from shore and approaching a point off the mouth of Horseshoe Cove (another deep gut into the Cape) when I happen to look overside and see rock bottom only a few feet down. Noting that it is all too easy to become relaxed and stupid while enjoying a sunny summer morning, I quickly swing the wheel to port, steering for more sea room and deep water.

A little further on we pass a 5' spot shown on the chart as "Barney's Mistake." Poor Barney. I wonder what the full story of his adventure was. Did he, too, become overly relaxed on a soft summer morning? Or, was the wind howling and the fog swirling? Did his first hint that something was wrong come as a sickening shock and a horrible grinding as his hull went up on unyielding granite? Poor Barney. The coast is littered with landmarks like this "Barneys Mistake," "Drunkard Ledge," "So and So's Folly," "Somebody Else's Despair," reminders that it is not always fun and games out here.

Alongshore as we pass outside Buck Island and inside Spectacle I can see bits and pieces of a couple of monumental gray shingle cottages on a hillside, largely hidden by spruces all around. These are the classic old-

More Single-handed Wanderings in the Engineless Catboat

Penelope

Midsummer Cruise

Part 3

By W.R. Cheney
(Swan's Island, Maine)

time kind, all weathered wood, forest green trim and small pane windows showing black. Vast yet comfortable looking, they look like they have taken care of generations of large families in a rambling space of wandering corridors, forgotten rooms, and maybe a ghost or two.

Spectacle Island to port is a smallish uninhabited place with sandy beaches and a small tuft of spruce at one end, which almost qualifies as woods. Someone has placed a couple of serious looking moorings in the lee as tie ups for picnic visits no doubt. This looks like a spot where I could pick up one of those moorings for a day or two and have a really nice time just laying back. I know I will have this in mind next time *Penelope* and I pass this way.

We round Blake Point now, the NE corner of Cape Rosier, and head in a north-westerly direction toward Head of the Cape. Reaching slowly along close to shore (the wind, what there is of it, has come around to south), we pass a minor headland and come very near to a house with a large deck overlooking the water. Here I find that I have become unintentional party to an interesting domestic scene. Two young men and a girl are enjoying breakfast on the deck and, as a special treat to ancient mariners, the girl is topless. Not knowing quite what to do, I wave and they all wave back languidly, obviously unconcerned by my sudden appearance. (Note: In order to prevent undue embarrassment on any quarter, I have changed the description of this place enough to make it unrecognizable.)

I am reminded of an account by the English author and editor F.B. Cooke in his book *Pocket Cruisers* published by Edward Arnold and Co, London, 1938. Cooke is describing a cruise he made in his first boat, the *Wave*, "way back in the '90s." He is tacking along-shore near Clacton, a beach resort, when he finds himself so close in that he and his boat are "mixed up with the bathers." The result is that several bathing machine doors are "hastily and violently slammed." Times change.

Borne away from this modern Dejeuner Sur L'herbe by wind and tide, we soon find ourselves rounding Head of the Cape. Coming in our direction from out in East Penobscot bay is a rather unusual looking yawl built along more or less sharpie lines. She is unmistakable as a Phil Bolger creation. Looking further out into the bay, I see that there is a whole procession of Bolger boats coming along. They come in varying degrees of originality from nearly normal looking to one in the distance which looks like a wedge of pie with a sail. I have to hand it to America's (the world's?) boldest and most original boat designer though. All these strange creations seem to work quite well. A lot of friendly waves are exchanged and then we and the Bolger flotilla go our separate ways.

I am reminded that I almost owned a Bolger catboat myself at one time. A few

years after getting back from Viet Nam I was in the market for my first boat since boyhood and became enamored of a diminutive 14' Bolger designed cruising catboat named Lynx. Of traditional plank on frame construction, she was the smallest boat to ever come off the ways at the famed Story shipyard. In the end I wound up with a 21' French pocket cruiser, sistership to the smallest finisher in one of the OSTAR races. That bulletproof little craft was a good choice and a great success, but I have always wondered what Lynx would have been like. I'd still like to try her.

Penelope runs northward now along the western shore of the Cape. We stay close inshore enjoying the unrolling landscape and the diverse but uniformly opulent architecture along the way. Soon enough we are off the southernmost of the two entrances into Holbrook Island Harbor. We head in, broad reaching, and pass a 27' or 28' modern sloop along the way. I drink in their looks of surprise and irritation as we surge by and derive my usual immoderate, unseemly, and probably unwholesome satisfaction. I know it's not nice, but I just can't help it.

Somebody yells something indistinct from the dock as we race by the anchorage at the Holbrook Island Sanctuary. I can't make it out, but I think they are telling me I am headed for submerged rocks, which make way out from Ram Island, almost closing the way to the northern end of the harbor. I know the way though, having passed this way a couple of years before (see *MAIB*, April 2010). Past the rocks we take a look at our old anchorage off the beach and find it attractive as ever.

It's still early though, and we want to check out Smith Cove across the isthmus which looked good on our earlier visit. This means sailing out into the Bagaduce River, going upstream a ways past the town of Castine on the north shore, and then hanging a right past Hospital Island and going into the cove. All this we do, but when we finally get there it is not to our liking so we reverse direction and sail all the way back to our old anchorage off the beach. I soon realize that tonight the anchorage will not be mine alone as it was on the last visit. One after another the usual 35' and 40' cruising boats arrive. They are uniformly large and I wonder again, as I have so many times before, where all the small boats are.

One of the arriving boats is a very shippy pocket schooner of a little over 30' which I had encountered earlier in the summer. We had sighted each other coming out of the fog off Northhaven Island and apparently attracted by each other's good looks had both altered course for a closer look and a word or two. Now I was anxious for an even closer look.

This was a fascinating little craft with 19th or even 18th century details like oaken water casks on deck. She lacked only gun ports and, of course, a little extra size to be something I might expect to find lying off Treasure Island. I waited until she was anchored and otherwise squared away and then rowed over to say hello to the couple on board. I mentioned the date and circumstances of our first encounter and they remembered *Penelope*, or said they did. There followed a pleasant enough conversation but my hints that I would like to see more of their fascinating craft fell on deaf ears. Murmuring something about dinner being ready they soon disappeared below. This was in such contrast to our mutually enthusiastic

exchanges in the fog off North Haven that I wondered if it was the same crew.

Thursday, August 14: Dawns foggy, but at least it is not raining. Breakfast of eggs, bread, and a very dubious pork chop. Liberal lacings of soy and Louisiana Hot Sauce cannot hide the fact that this one was well on its way. Eating it at all may not be the best of ideas, but I survive. I am finding that my soy-soaked, bilge cooled meats are not lasting as long as they used to. Can this be a function of global warming?

11:30am brings zephyrs from SE. The fog inside the harbor has lifted, too, so we get underway and drift/sail out toward Nautilus Island and the open bay. Outside it is clear to the north toward Searsport, but I can see dense fog coming our way up the bay from seaward. Also coming our way are a couple of windjammers easing along in the light airs and headed up the bay. The plan today is to go north around the tip of Islesboro and then south down West Penobscot Bay with perhaps Gilkey Harbor as destination.

With the fog coming I heave to and spend a few minutes punching some new waypoints into the GPS; the northern tip of Islesboro, the buoy off Belfast, a point off Gilkey harbor, and another one off Camden. We should be well prepared if it is necessary to play blind man's buff in West Penobscot Bay. My only real concern about the day ahead is the possibility of meeting one of the occasional oil tankers which make their way up and down the bay en route to or from Searsport. This is the only serious commercial shipping in the area and I wouldn't care to encounter it in the fog in an engineless boat. If it is thick, I plan to hug one shore or another, where the big boys can't go.

The northern tip of Islesboro Island is called Turtle Head and a glance at the chart shows me why. The whole northern end of the island is shaped like a turtle. It's not certain what kind because it has flippers to port and legs to starboard, but turtle it is, with a perfect head right to the north.

The fog has stalled somewhere down the bay and we approach Turtle Head in misty sunlight. We are moving at an appropriate turtle-like crawl with only enough wind to keep way on. It is not enough for a bulky 35-footer close by and headed in the same direction. Her sails can't seem to catch anything at all and she is pretty much dead in the water. This is a very unusual sight because most of these craft abandon sail and hit the starter button as soon as trying to sail is remotely inconvenient. Real sailors aboard this boat, I decide, and wave as we slowly pass. The crew is four very pleasant looking ladies in their 50s. They are well groomed and really rather fragile looking. If I saw them in town, I would guess they were going to a tea party. I ask them where they are headed, and they say they are on their way back home to Portsmouth, New Hampshire. I guess real sailors come in all sizes and shapes.

Passing close by Turtle Head and its distinctive vertical rock formations I notice a young couple sitting very close together in a small niche in the rock right at the uttermost tip of the island. I feel a sharp pang of envy. I wish that I could be a young lover again. Probably they are wishing they had a beautiful little sailboat out on the bay...

Out in the middle of West Penobscot Bay the wind has picked up now. It is 10-15 knots from the SW, right on our nose. The tide is coming in, too, so it is going to be a hard slog

to get anywhere I want to go. Behind us the ladies from Portsmouth are sailing fast now, and I work hard, trying to stay ahead. We are separated by a mile or so and it is hard to tell if they are gaining.

The bay looks infinitely huge ahead, my possible objectives far away. The bloom has gone off the day, too, sunlight and color replaced by a uniform unpromising gray. Concentrating on sail trim and trying to get the best out of her while making so little tangible progress on this featureless gray expanse is turning into hard, not very pleasant work.

I consult the chart and see that we are off a couple of small islands, Seal and Flat, which themselves lie off a place called Seal Harbor. A look in Taft and Rindlaub reveals that Seal Harbor is adjacent to Crow Cove, described therein as "a little gunk hole where the crows are still there to greet you in the morning, and so are the seagulls and ospreys." Well, gunk holes with crows, seagulls, and ospreys are what I'm all about so, without further ado, I cut in between Seal and Flat and make my way toward the cove. As I approach land the sun comes out again and the wind becomes fluky, fitful gusts out of the east, again right on our nose. We get into the Cove after some fits and starts in the narrow entrance and find that it is indeed a sweet place.

The couple of houses in the area are set far enough back behind trees so I can't see them, and for the rest it is sandy shores, a rich green marsh, the crows, seagulls, and ospreys, along with a large population of friendly ducks which Taft and Rindlaub forgot to mention.



Great blue heron at Crow Cove.

Friday, August 15: Another bright morning, finds me out in the dinghy exploring the shallows around the marsh in a sunny golden mist. Islesboro is only about a hundred yards wide here in this narrow area which connects the north and south parts of the island, and I realize that across this narrow isthmus lies Islesboro Harbor where I had such a pleasant night and morning a couple of years back. I find it interesting that while I am so close to the harbor I could just about throw a rock over there, it would take a whole day, and probably more, to sail there.

Girls' voices and the thwunk of hard-hit tennis balls follow us as *Penelope* and I take our leave and head toward the bay. By 11:40am we are moving nicely southward along shore. The log reads, "This is sweet! We have SW about seven knots but the bay is flat, showing only the tiniest of ripples. The land is a lush enticing green with splashes of gold. Everything else is shades of blue. Smooth sailing like on the banks in the Bahamas.

Off Gilkey Harbor at the south end of Islesboro we head in and pass close behind the ferry boat which is loading, nuzzling against its slip with the engine running ahead. I am surprised at the force of the wash coming off her stern. *Penelope* is pushed violently sideward but shakes herself and continues to the east. Then it is south up between Islesboro and Seven Hundred Acre Island. I don't care much for Gilkey Harbor and this end of the island. The feeling is more Westchester Country Club than maritime Maine.

Onward to the south we go and find that we are caught in another almost endless beat. At last we reach the vicinity of Lime Island, where it is possible to carry 4' between Lime and Lasell, and over into East Penobscot Bay. We gratefully cut through here and now head a little north of east passing between Great and Little Spruce Head Islands, summer home of the Porter family, the accomplished photographer and his equally accomplished brother the painter. We are reaching along at nearly hull speed and life is good again.

Late afternoon finds us off Pickering Island, a few miles from the west end of the Eggemoggin Reach. We have begun to think fond thoughts of home and this will be a good jumping off place for a run back east tomorrow. Pickering is uninhabited now, but it was not always so, and there are some strange stories concerning days gone by. A picture in Charles B. McLane's *Islands of the Mid-Maine Coast* shows an odd fortress-like building which stood here from some time in the 1890s until shortly after World War II. Looking like it might have made a good keep for Cedric the Saxon, it had a turret and barred windows on the second floor with no windows at all on the first. Protected in summer by a pack of ferocious dogs, this was the vacation home of a certain Dr Collins. Some said that the good doctor kept mental patients here for arcane experiments, others that he kidnapped bar girls in Boston and bought them out to the island for purposes too awful to contemplate. Still others said that the doctor was a perfectly nice fellow and all the evil rumors had been spread by a disgruntled clam digger.

On this night we share the western anchorage at Pickering with an older and somewhat worn looking sloop which is anchored quite far out from the anchorage proper. She shows no lights and no signs of life. Vaguely, I wonder if there is a problem there but assume the crew are early sleepers.

Saturday, August 16: Brings a gray windless morning. There are still no signs of life on the sloop but I figure they may be not only early sleepers, but late ones, too. I go for a long row along the shore, around to the eastern anchorage, which is off a beautiful curving sand beach. This place, which is one of the loveliest on the coast is unoccupied as usual, the reason being a more or less treacherous rock lined entrance and considerable ambiguity as to where the good bottom lies.

Back on *Penelope* I fry up some eggs and Spam and wonder about the old sloop which still shows no sign of life. It's warm and with no company but the distant, lifeless sloop, I crouch low in the cockpit and take a seawater sponge bath. Other people say they still feel dirty after a seawater bath, but I have never felt that way. I like a little salt on my skin.

Light breezes stir and the day is getting along so I haul anchor and get underway. We pass close under the stern of the mystery sloop and hail her by name. I have no desire to find a

dead man aboard, but feel duty bound to check her out. To my great relief a gray head emerges from the hatch. I ask how he is doing and in a quavery old voice the old gent says that he is "just enjoying the peace." I apologize for disturbing that peace and wish him well. He opines that there is not likely to be much wind this afternoon, and I'm afraid he is right.

For an uncomfortable length of time he is very right. We lay becalmed and drift slowly toward a rock off Scott Island. Things pick up at last and we are able to sail inside Pumpkin Island with its abandoned lighthouse and out into the Reach. All is well as we proceed eastward until we get to a point off the Benjamin River. Then we see thunderheads coming up behind us and it is a race to see if we can get to the *WoodenBoat* anchorage before the storm hits. Looking back toward the bridge, the sky is spectacular with flashes of blue, purple and orange in the charcoal clouds.

It is "I think I can, I think I can" all the way up past Torrey Island and then we are in the anchorage. We drop anchor off the mooring field with a windjammer and a mixed bag of cruisers for company. We heave a big sigh of relief, then note that what looked like a really major thunderstorm has dissipated and disappeared while we were anchoring. It is time for a drink and a read in the cockpit.

I have been reading about Capt Nat Herreshoff and his last Cup Defender. I come to a part which tells how he spent long days working at the Herreshoff Manufacturing Co, which he owned along with his brother. Coming home for dinner, he would preside over a table where his wife and children were discouraged from speaking because the great man preferred thinking about boats and boating undisturbed. After dinner, Capt Nat would retire to his study alone where he thought about boats and boating some more. We gather Capt Nat was not a lot of fun as



A couple of windjammers easing their way up the bay.

a husband and a father. Like so many great men and women, he was a bit selfish and difficult (Frank Lloyd Wright, N.C. Wyeth, Robert Frost, Ayn Rand, and Picasso come to mind, to name just a few.) Suddenly it comes to me that my own days will end in obscurity because I have been too nice all my life... can't suppress a sudden screech of laughter as I think about how my wife would react to this last idea. People in neighboring boats cast nervous glances in my direction. Clearly the old coot in the catboat is demented and may be dangerous.

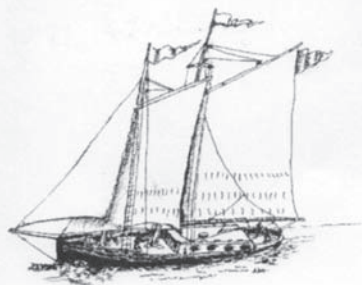
Sunday, August 17: It is sunny and clear again as we beat out of the *Wooden-*

Boat anchorage accompanied by a whole flotilla of wooden craft of all sizes. They seem to be headed for some kind of event on the other side of the Reach. We part company off White Island as I head SE for Jericho Bay and a clean shot for Hat Island, Toothacher Bay, and home. It's one tack with the sheet just slightly eased, and *Penelope* is doing 5½ to 6 knots. A converted sardine carrier passes slowly headed slightly more to the west. Her skipper takes the trouble to step out of his wheelhouse and give the kind of exaggerated wave which indicates he really likes what he is seeing. It makes my day and tops off what has been a really fine cruise.

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The adventures in *Solid Waste* had come to an end with her sale but the adventures with D.J. (Disaster Jones) had not. True to his moniker, he continued to amaze and amuse as he went from one dilemma to another, most times coming out of them with things intact.

The urge to go to sea is strong in many of us and so it was with him. The search for just the right boat continued until one was found. This time he did not offer any partnership, having matured and learned from the past involvement that it was best for him to be the sole owner and captain.

The vessel in this narrative was a sailboat of some age and size, about 24' on deck with a sloop rig complete with bowsprit and a moderately deep keel with a Gray Marine four-cylinder engine and a rather commodious cabin complete with head and galley, just the thing to entice the wife and kids to come along on adventures. She was a wooden boat stoutly built of oak frames and pine planks and had a hard-chine hull that brought to mind simpler times when people were not in a hurry and did not need to impress with glittering technology or blinding speed. She was a comfortable cruising boat with an easy appeal.

The boat was found in nearby Salem, Massachusetts, and had been out of the water for some time, how long that was was never fully certain but suffice to say that she was a bit dry. An inspection revealed that she was in reasonable shape and looked as though she was ready for the water and so he decided to give it a go and see what happened. He had her hauled to Cloutman's Yard in Marblehead (which no longer exists) located well up inside the harbor past the town dock. As with any old wooden boat there has to be some time spent soaking the hull until she takes up and the planks swell to their proper dimensions and the leaks slow to an acceptable level. This took some time with this boat as she was about as dry as she would ever get and some patience and faith was necessary.

I received a phone call from the weary owner on a Thursday afternoon asking that I come over and bring a sandwich and a six-pack, as he had not eaten for a while during the launching and soaking effort, which by now was into its third day. I arrived, along with my brother, and found D.J. tired but still enthusiastic. The soaking had not worked on the first day so they had hauled her out and looked her over carefully and decided that a new stopwater was needed at the junction of a couple of keel timbers. That along with some seam compound for luck slowed the flow to a nearly acceptable level.

D.J. told us that he had been sleeping aboard with the boat tied to the dock and an electric bilge pump installed. When he slept he left one hand hanging down near the cabin sole and when it got wet he would awake and start the pump until the level of water again allowed some sleep. There was still a slow seepage at the mast step but it was manageable.

He happily showed us the boat and said that he had been working on the engine some and it seemed to run all right and the transmission was in good order, the mast was stepped, and the boat was fully rigged and all the sails were aboard down in the forward cabin in their bags. It was a fine early summer evening at this point and he suggested we take a brief cruise of the harbor. We had no sails bent on but the engine ran fine so we started it and motored away from the dock. About four or five boat lengths away from the dock the engine stopped running. A quick

Beyond Solid Waste

By Henry Szostek

search revealed that the gas tank was empty.

Well, no problem, we thought, the dock is just over there and all we have to do is drift back to it. But the fates had other plans for us. There was just a faint evening breeze blowing down the harbor and it pushed us ever so slowly away from the dock into the crowded harbor full of boats on their moorings. I was at the helm and found that I could just barely steer the boat enough so as to avoid contact with the moored boats. Well, what to do? I suggested a bit of sail might help the steering if some could be found and hoisted.

D.J. and my brother busily sorted through the pile of bags in the forward cabin and came up with one marked Jib. Some hasty rigging up on the foredeck finally got it up and set, this helped with the steering, but our progress to windward was nonexistent with just the jib. "How about a main," I asked? More sorting and rigging produced a mainsail which was hoisted while I steered us off the moored boats, which were plentiful and closely packed. By the time we had the sails up and set we had drifted down to almost the end of the harbor but we still had hopes of making it back to the dock under sail.

Well, the first sail of an unfamiliar boat should not be in a densely packed anchorage. Any hope of missing the next boat was tempered by the uncertainty of how this boat went to windward in light airs and prudence usually dictated that I go astern of each succeeding boat rather than ahead so the course was back and fourth across the harbor not making any distance good to windward. After three or four tacks which gained us no distance, D.J. said, "Lets go to Beverly."

"Why there?" I asked.

"It's downwind," he said.

This sounded like a wise choice and so we all agreed. We changed course and relaxed sailing serenely past Fort Sewell making a perfect picture of the beauty of sail to the onlookers on the park benches that sat atop the Fort. "Look up there at those people," I said to my brother. "If they had any idea of just how screwed up we really were they would not be just sitting there, they would be rolling on the ground laughing at us."

The sail out of the harbor and over to Beverly went surprisingly well until we got about opposite Hospital Point. While we had room to sail out on Salem Sound the wind slowly died and left us again wishing our way forward with willpower alone, which anyone who has sailed is aware does not move the boat no matter how hard one tries.

The sun had long since set and we were navigating by moonlight, our only means of propulsion now was drifting with the tide which, as luck would have it, was incoming. Steering on the other hand was another matter. We had none. But as we slowly drifted in the channel our course seemed to line up tantalizingly close to the float at the yacht club. Traffic in and out of the harbor at this hour was nearly nonexistent, this was both good and bad, while we would not get hit by a passing boat, neither could we get a friendly tow.

As the hours passed (yes, hours!) we tried pumping the rudder back and fourth like a fish tail. This seemed to help some but looked comical. The float seemed to be teasing us with its impending approach. We broke out a boathook and after flailing about in the water with it for what seemed an eternity, at last a flail finally caught the edge of the float and by much scratching with it on the dew covered planks we finally got a hand on it and pulled alongside.

Another typical D.J. fiasco completed.

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Winter was over and the cold and blustery days of spring were behind me. *Spindrift*, my Pearson Ensign sailboat, had been launched and I had taken a couple of shake-down sails to clear up any existing small problems. It was early June and I was ready to take my first cruise of the year. All winter long I had planned to sail east along the north shore of Fishers Island until the Sound opened into the Atlantic Ocean through the Wicopasset and Lords Passages. I would leave the protection of Fishers at East End or East Point as noted on the government chart and enter among the rocks and small islands that made up the Island's curved tail. The tidal waters there could be rough and dangerous for a small boat so I needed the right weather conditions to go.

The forecast for June 16, 1994, seemed to be the one I was waiting for. The wind and tide would be to my advantage. Conditions started out much as forecast but the one aspect not forecast was the fog. However, my mind had been made up. I was going to go, feeling intuitively that the fog would burn off with the heat from the morning sun. Since the fog was heavy as I left the Groton Long Point breakwater, I decided to wait it out by sailing back and forth off Main Beach hoping I would be right. The fog was a little lighter there but I still could hardly make out the outlines of the beach houses on the shore to port.

As I tired of the route, I decided to get adventurous and head out to Buoy #24 marking the entrance to Fishers Island Sound, the fog seemed to be lifting and I kept going. The east wind that was blowing eventually cleared up the fog enabling me to sail up the middle of the Sound. The now favorable ebb tide would turn in a couple of hours giving me a "free" ride home when I was ready to go. I patted myself on the back for my good planning.

Midway down the Sound off Middle Clump, the wind shifted to the southeast, as I thought it would, and grew gusty (18-20 knots) which I didn't think it would (take back the pat on the back). Under the conditions of wind against tide this part of the Sound could become very rough. I had a real ride upwind into a rising sea. I had to let the traveler out to the farthest extent and still keep the outboard end of the boom out of the water. I had to sit on the windward rail and grip the tiller firmly. Occasional spray from the bow hit me in the face as I whooped for joy.

However, it was at length too tiring for an old single-hander like me so I decided to pull into East Harbor on Fishers Island for a bit of a rest. I had to steer well to the east of the harbor opening to avoid the foul ground of Hungry Point off to the starboard. The entrance was between Nun #2E and Can #1E. I set a course for the cupola at the south end of the harbor which would keep me in the channel. I knew the water became shallow if I continued on this course, however, so I edged over to the east side where the water was 6' deep at mean low water.

As I got to the lee side of the island the wind speed dropped to where I could climb to the foredeck and drop my lunch hook. I shared the anchorage with another sloop about 30' long with no appearance of anyone in the cockpit. I took out my lunch of an apple and granola bar and sat down to enjoy the scenery. A private golf course was off to port and being in the middle of June there was a foursome wending their way down the fairway that ended on a green not far off the water. The eastern end of Fishers Island is

20 Years of Cruising on Fishers Island and Long Island Sounds

Part 5

Cruise to East Harbor and Wicopasset Passage

with a Bit of History and Nostalgia

By Lionel Taylor

gated so I didn't expect to see many golfers on the course.

Over to the left and above the golf course on a slight hill was where the old Winthrop house used to be. As John Rousmaniere wrote in his book, *Sailing at Fishers*, "The Island's first proprietors, the Winthrops, wrestled with the vagaries of Fishers Island Sound's tides and wind for more than 200 years as they shipped hay and other products from their farms to the mainland. Simply getting themselves out to the Island was often a challenge too. When John W. Winthrop, Jr tried to introduce his family to Fishers in 1646, they were battered by a storm at sea.

A century later, in 1739, some Winthrops put up with a disorderly cruise to the Island that involved a number of what are now called "weather events." As the family's local agent, Joshua Hempstead, described it in his diary, the cruise started out happily enough as a friendly northerly breeze blew them down the Thames River (in New London). Soon, however, they found themselves pounding into a headwind that Hempstead described with some understatement, "Wind came up at SE before night and hindered our quick passage." Upon reaching the family's homestead near East Harbor, the party was enveloped by "a great and fierce storm from NE to SE." There was only one thing to do, "We kept house all day."

After the nor'easter blew itself out, the boat was heading back to New London on a favorable flood tide when the weather gods once again refused to cooperate. The tide turned foul, the breeze died, and the boat straggled into Mystic, where the Winthrops finally threw up their hands and rented horses. They eventually reached home 11 hours after weighing anchor at Fishers."

After lunch, I weighed anchor still with no sign of activity onboard our neighboring sloop. I reasoned the occupants could have taken their dinghy and gone ashore although there wasn't too much to see on this rather barren land. There is, however, on the west shore of the harbor a dock and the old Coast Guard Station. There was no sign of a dinghy tied up there but maybe that's where they went. I stood well out into the Sound toward Young's Rock to avoid the foul ground to starboard. I sailed with caution between Young's Rock to port and the East Point of Fishers into the entrance to Wicopasset Passage and the entrance to the Atlantic Ocean.

It was at Wicopasset (End) Point that the Coast Guard during World War II mounted big aircraft searchlights. They located them so that they shone down across Watch Hill Reef through the Passages to expose foreign boats. This was done after the Coast Guard caught three German spies who came ashore

in a rubber boat from a German submarine on Long Island. I meant this to be the eastern extremity of my morning cruise as I had no intention of taking *Spindrift* into the Passage even though it looked fairly smooth with the flood tide and the southeasterly wind working together. I could only imagine how rough it could be with wind against tide conditions.

This was brought home to me when I learned about what happened on the 1987 Around Fishers Island Race, a special annual racing event for the Ensign Class Fleet from Stonington, Connecticut. This race can be run clockwise or counter-clockwise around the four-mile elliptical-shaped island. On this day it was run counter-clockwise through the Race, to the east and back to Fishers Island Sound through the Wicopasset Passage. As all boats crossed the starting line, the 10-knot wind increased to 20 knots with whitecaps and occasional gusts above 25. One boat got knocked down by a gust and a big wave caused the boat to broach and fill up.

As the boats ran through the Race the wind generated 4' waves which seemed to build by the counter-effect of wind and tide. Mountainous seas greeted the boats halfway down the Island rising some 10'-12' in 35-knot gusts, raising the boats' sterns and shoving them along like surfboards well above hull speed with whitewater up to and over their gunnels. Wind and sea action continued through Wicopasset Passage and on rounding East End. After the rounding, the boats headed into choppy 4' seas with a 30-knot gust headwind. The skipper of one of the boats said he had never been in rougher seas and was shipping water over the bow at every wave splash. The battery on his pump had now died and he had to commit a crew member to constant hand pumping to keep water below the floorboards. To avoid the roughest water some of the other boats tacked repeatedly into Fishers Island's north shore to safely arrive at the finish line.

Although I had meant this to be the extremity of my eastern cruise to Fishers this morning, I decided as long as the weather held and I could see the Watch Hill Lighthouse in the distance I'd continue on a little longer. To the left I could see Napatree Point, an area like Watch Hill that was devastated by the 1938 Hurricane. I was amazed at the amount of boat traffic that was coming through the Watch Hill Passage from Down East. One after another, sail and power cruisers were apparently hurrying to get into Fishers and Long Island Sounds before lunch.

It was getting too late for me to explore Napatree Point at this time but not too late to give Watch Hill a look. In the 19th century Watch Hill Point was only protected by a fixed light but now it boasted a 61' high building with a horn, a flashing red light, and an occulting white light to warn boat traffic of foul waters. It was at this lighthouse that the area was first warned in 1938 that a serious storm would be coming.

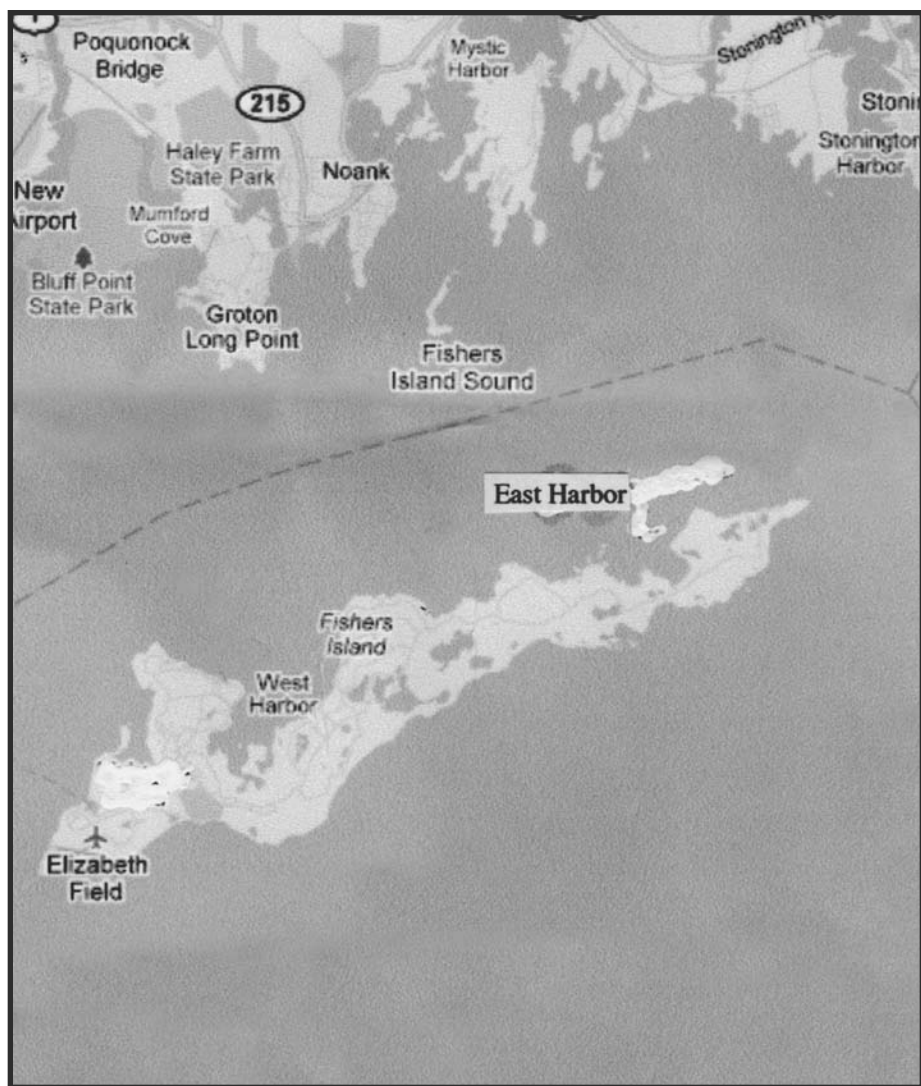
R.A. Scotti in his book, *Sudden Sea*, tells us what happened first as reported by a summertime policeman that morning. "The day took a strange turn. All of a sudden everything became very, very quiet. Even the birds seemed to stop singing. The sky began to take on an unusual look. The clouds were very low and moving at an unusual speed." About 3pm the policeman walked over to the Watch Hill Lighthouse to check on the forecast. The wind at the Coast Guard tower registered about 65mph and the barometer was

dropping. Small craft warnings were flying, but the Coast Guard had not received any alert that a hurricane was bearing down on the Northeast. The first and only warning of a serious storm received by the Watch Hill station would come just a short time later. By then, water was snaking over the low end of the road leading to the lighthouse giving notice that the Great New England Hurricane of '38 had reached Watch Hill.

About the same time that Officer Loomis, the summertime policeman, left the Coast Guard Station, Captain Mahlon was bringing the yacht *Heilu* into the harbor. He was securing it at the Watch Hill Yacht Club with his heaviest hawser when he saw a wave unlike he had ever seen. It looked like "a roll of cotton." It towered 30' and it was advancing on Fort Road. With a resounding roar, the yacht club split in two and a piano flew out "like big black bird." The *Heilu* was lifted over the pier and landed in the center of town beside the fire station.


The policeman saw the yacht club go too. "Lo and behold, it was lifted right up in the air and crashed out into the middle of the bay. As we looked over toward the pavilion, we could see the water coming over the road and rushing into the bay. At the same time, the tide in the bay began to rise so fast we had to jump onto the wall to keep from being submerged." Within minutes "four or five houses came scudding across the bay and we realized that Fort Road was doomed."

From the tower at the Watch Hill station, the Coast Guard saw the first cottages on Fort Road go. It was just a glimpse before the picture dissolved. Sea, sky, and land merged into a single element. Rain and spindrift became so thick visibility was reduced to about 100'. The barometer was nosediving, a point every five minutes, and the tower was swaying under winds clocked at 120-150mph. The Atlantic pounded the lighthouse point, streaming over it, beating around it, taking out the garden, seawall, road, everything except the glacial rock beneath it. A salty river rushed between the station and the town of Watch Hill and 30' of gray-green water cut a breach between the Coast Guard Station and the adjacent lighthouse, making each an island. In a matter of minutes, the storm was tearing up Watch Hill and the station.



Fort Road is beach scrub now. The light on the Watch Hill Coast Guard Station flashes showing me and other mariners that life can return to normalcy regardless of the past, well almost... The wind abated again off Noank on the Fishers Island side of the Sound so I decided I'd take passage home

between the Dumplings. The wind abated further and I ran into fair overfalls between the islands. Roofers were putting a new roof on the North Dumpling Island shed. I turned north for home in a steadier wind and almost fell asleep on the cockpit seats of the broad reaching boat. What joy! A delightful sail!




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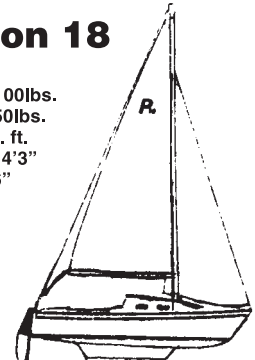
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Pleasant Bay spreads a swath of light blue across the “forearm” of the Cape Cod NOAA chart. Its promise of wide, shallow, sheltered waters seemed ideal for the Micro. She can navigate even the chart’s white tidal areas where few other boats can venture for fear of running aground. The second summer we had her, I was scheduled to go to a work-related overnight meeting in Orleans, one of the towns abutting the Bay. It seemed like we might be able to combine the drive down Cape with a boating trip on Pleasant Bay.

My wife Frann, sons Josh (17) and Zach (14), and I decided to stay overnight at a motel so that I could get up early for my meeting. We would like to have slept on the boat, but there were only two sheltered berths. The cockpit deck was wide enough for both boys to stretch out their sleeping bags on air mattresses, but they would be vulnerable to insects. A more important factor ruling out an overnight on the Micro was that sometimes the boys find a long sail boring and confining. We decided that if they knew that a comfortable motel with cable TV was waiting for them at the end of the boating adventure, they would endure any privations or restlessness more willingly. So we booked a room in a motel owned by cousins of my brother-in-law Dave. They gave us the family discount, for which we were grateful. Our hosts didn’t mind our parking the boat trailer out in the back of the parking lot.

To Reef or Not to Reef

We launched and rigged up shortly before noon at the Orleans Town Ramp. Frann and the boys ate their lunches before I had our spars up, but it wasn’t until half an hour into the sail that I had a chance to eat my sandwich. Sometimes I am too busy sailing to eat anything at all. I always drink, though, to ward off the headache and other effects of dehydration I sometimes get after spending a day on the water. Now that we had a boat big enough for a porta-potty belowdecks, there was no future discomfort to deal with in fully quenching my thirst.

The ramp launched us into a tidal creek that flowed to or from Pleasant Bay depending on the tide, which was now nearly high. The weather was hot and hazy, with a decent breeze. I weighed whether to reef the main but the wind was quite light at the ramp and I decided against it, though I thought that out on the open water we’d probably have to reef. The winding channel turned to windward and leeward, in and out of the breeze, and even with full canvas, sail power needed a boost. So I turned on the motor.

Sustainable Auxiliary Propulsion

At that point we still had a functioning battery and an electric outboard trolling motor. Since getting 9’ sweeps, which propel the boat quite well even in a moderate headwind, I have stopped using any kind of motor. I hope to get a safer solar-charged sealed lead gel battery someday when I have some spare cash (after the boys finish college?). For me, boating becomes too stressful if I have to think about the potential for the battery casing to crack or burst and spew sulfuric acid into someone’s eyes or summer-stripped flesh. I once heard an automobile battery burst with a “bang” under a car hood in hot weather. Having the Micro’s battery burst would expose tender flesh not only to acid, but also to polypropylene shrapnel. Also, whenever I thought of tot-

Cape Cod Harbors

Pleasant Bay Sailing

By Rob Gogan

ing the heavy battery around for charging onshore, I felt hot. Gas-powered outboard motors, at least the affordable two-cylinder kind, have been out of the question for me since I learned how much they pollute the air and water. One hour burning a two-cycle generates as much pollution as 40 hours of driving an average car according to David Kushner, May, 2008: “Discover”, <http://discovermagazine.com/2008/may/21-two-strokes-and-youre-out>

I am acutely aware of these matters, not only because of my own environmental ethic, but also because of my need to maintain my “green” credentials in my profession. Boating is a very public activity, and I need to be careful not to be seen heading out and expanding my carbon footprint. I work as a recycling manager at a university. I could lose my job, or at least my credibility as a friend of sustainable materials management, if the wrong person saw me running a luxury carbon dioxide generator for fun.

So we now propel the Micro entirely by sail or sweep. I actually enjoy leveraging the 1,000lb hull through calm waters at the meager but steady rate of one knot. It’s especially pleasant when Frann or one of the boys can take the tiller and correct our course from getting skewed by current, breeze or errant stroke. Then I can enjoy the sternward view without having to crane my neck to check our course.

The Snaking Channel

The serpentine channel took us past little coves, some of them dredged deep enough to provide moorings. I couldn’t believe the size of one of the moored yachts, a catamaran at least 40’ long. It was hard to believe that this boat was shallow enough in draft to get out of Pleasant Bay, where the bottom is always in view at all tides. The catamaran design offers abundant deck and cabin space, with shallow draft.

As we rounded one of the last bends before the Bay, the wind whipped up when we got to an exposed area. We started to rock and slam into the waves, spraying Zach to leeward. He was too polite to complain, but his open-mouthed flinch showed that the cold soaking was unwelcome. I decided to heave to and reef the main. Reefing the Micro is a relatively simple procedure. With the mizzen sheeted in tight, the hull keeps its nose pointed into the wind. The reef points hold the rolled-up foot snug against the boom sprit. I ease off on the snorter line and tighten the main halyard and the main stands firm, about a third of its original area, which is about the size of the mizzen.

The boat performs well with excellent control when reefed. The pitching and rolling drama of sailing on choppy waters in high winds with a full rig disappears while the forward drive remains. She’ll keep the bone in her teeth but quit the wave-slammings. The only drawback is that the sail hangs lower, and the crew needs to be more diligent about

ducking when tacking or jibing because the sprit hangs low enough to whack even a child’s head.

Mystery Island

Once out on Pleasant Bay, we sailed around a big marshy island. There was one lonely, large and decrepit building on it. The shingles were weathered to a splintered whitish gray, with rust stains dribbling onto the wood below. “That looks like a haunted house,” Josh said. Indeed it looked like only ghosts could live out there on that marshy island, lonely, windswept, no doubt tick-infested as it was. Perhaps the ruins had once been a tuberculosis sanitarium. At the turn of the 20th Century, medical science dictated fresh air for consumptive patients. We knew of one such hospital on Red Brook Harbor in what was once the only building on the point, but which now has been restored into a condominium and joined by several other vacation homes. Like Hospital Cove, Pleasant Bay’s Mystery Island also had fresh air in abundance, though its lack of shore communication had made it conservation land.

We saw several classic shoal-draught sailboats. Here in Pleasant Bay, the shallow waters preclude the use of any other kind of boat. One of these floating classics was a long lug-rigged open boat with two bright-finished masts and a lapstrake hull, perhaps a Herreshoff Coquina, a little longer, though narrower, than the Micro. The jolly crew waved to us enthusiastically as they easily passed us. “Cute boat!” one of the crew shouted when they were broadside to us. “You too!” I yelled. I then confided in Frann quietly my hope that they weren’t insulted by my failure to use stronger praise for a boat that was so much prettier than ours.

On Thin Water

Having the bay bottom in continual view gave me pause several times. The Micro drew just under 2’, but once aground, its 1,000lb mass was difficult to drag. I’d have a sour crew if I ran us aground here in a falling tide with nothing to do but wait several hours for the tide to change. But the chart showed 2’ mean low water depth so we’d be fine as long as the chart was accurate. The bay, like most of the lower Cape, was sandy and comparatively free of rocks and boulders, so there was little worry that we’d punch a hole in the hull by ramming a submerged protrusion. Also, I was comforted to see several sail and outboard motor boats traversing our current and intended course at full speed. Presumably most of these captains were aware of any local hazards, and their quick pace indicated that they knew of none in the area.

About a mile downwind of us was the channel leading to Arey’s Pond, home of famous catboat builders. The Cape Cod Cat was ideally suited for these shallow waters. I wanted to explore the Pond and admire all the catboats, maybe even see a fleet of them under sail, but our boys were getting restless and we needed to get back to the ramp before the tide got too low. So I reluctantly turned back to head for the ramp, to the instant and obvious relief of Frann. I have never sailed in a harbor new to me without feeling disappointed when it is time to turn around for shore. I always want to explore just a little more. I feel frustrated that my crew could possibly want to be anywhere else. But I need to be sensitive to my family’s patience for prolonged sails is limited.

Accepting a Tow

On the sail back, we had to tack our way up the creek in a breeze that was getting temperamental. A motorboater offered us a tow, but I turned him down, believing that once we'd got to a wider spot of the channel, the breeze would straighten and strengthen. But the wind only got more fickle and the tide more contrary as we veered up some sharp bends in the creek through marsh green tall grasses. With the reefed main, the sprit boom was low enough to be within head-thumping range of Josh. He was trying to doze, and became extremely frustrated that no matter which way he slumped, the sprit found a way to drum beat on the crown of his head.

We were getting into dangerous territory, the kind of situation that might make Josh too frustrated ever to go sailing again. So when the merry crew of a second motorboat offered us a tow, I accepted at once. This took some of the shine off the environmental grace I sought, but I didn't want to face a mutiny if we were becalmed when the midges came out. If any of my colleagues happened to see us getting towed by internal combustion and called me on it, I planned to mention my having met a distinguished Harvard University climate change expert in the process of buying water skis. He was about to take his son out on his gasoline-powered outboard motorboat. There's something comforting to us sinners to learn about a saint's occasional transgressions.

Once we'd gotten the boat onto the trailer, we towed it to the motel and parked it in the back of the lot as we'd discussed with the concierge. I decided to thank my crew's forbearance with my prolonged Pleasant Bay sail with a well-deserved fish and chips dinner. We ate at a place with picnic tables under tall white pines. It was past the popular dinner hour and beginning to get dark.

While we dined, we saw a skunk strolling along a route that wound under every single table. It was only a matter of time before the critter would come to sniff under our table. Frann practiced lifting her legs for when the skunk would come to our table. The staff was well aware of the uninvited guest. They told us it was harmless and that it hadn't sprayed any of their human patrons. Often enough, the striped scavenger discovered dropped scraps. We moved to a table that had already been visited. The boys enjoyed watching the skunk and forgot all about the discomforts of the sail. Later, in the motel room, we watched television on the huge variety of channels. At home we pick up broadcast TV only, so the boys particularly enjoyed coming in out of the "wilderness" of being limited to a dozen on-air stations.

The next morning, Frann dropped me off down the road and went home with the boys. She was not comfortable towing the Micro, so we left it locked up on its trailer

with the motel's permission. The plan was for Frann to come back the next afternoon and pick me up, then we'd go together to the motel where I'd hitch up the Micro and drive back with it.

At my meeting, a couple of people expressed disappointment that I hadn't sailed the boat all the way to the meeting. The house at which the meeting took place was a short walk from the famous Coast Guard Beach, which had big ocean swells crashing in all weather. Even if there had been a friendlier landing spot, sailing the Micro all the way here would have required us to round Monomoy Island, scene of 1,000 shipwrecks and wild tidal currents on the shoals south of the island, too risky for the Micro. It was fear of crossing these shoals that prevented the *Mayflower* from heading south to Virginia after making their first landing in Provincetown. So I had to confess that I had arrived in a gas-burning car.

Frann and I hitched up the next afternoon after the meeting and drove home. Frann was in a good mood because she'd been able to go exploring at shops on the lower Cape, which we didn't visit very often. I was in a good mood because we'd all been able to go sailing in new waters without burning more petroleum than we needed to get me to and from the meeting. While it had not been a perfect outing, it was still a family adventure into new waters from which we all returned safe and sound.

Them days are gone forever!

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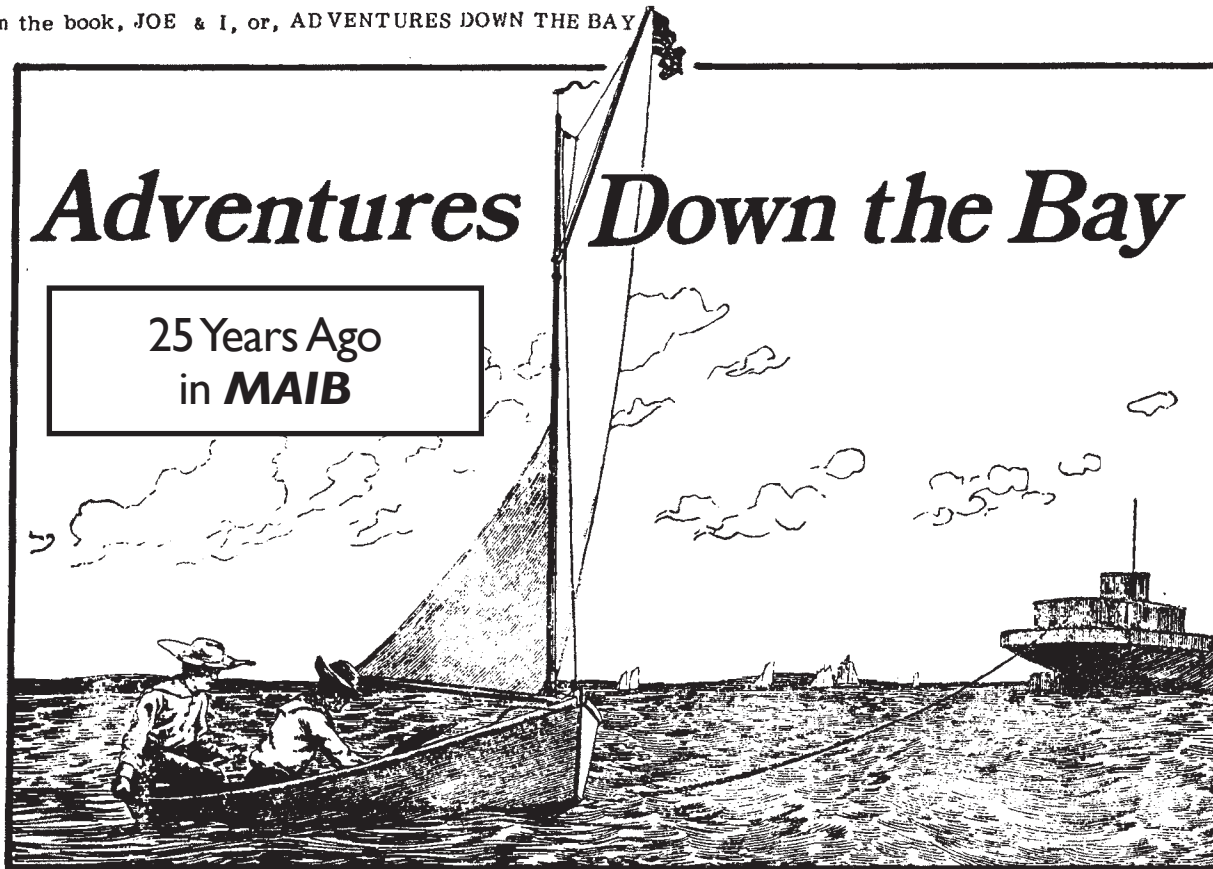
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Chapter I

"I wonder if it isn't pretty near time to give that tent another airing," said Joe, coming into the woodshed, which was also the shop where we did our carpentering and tinkering and a storage warehouse for old junk in general. Like other such interiors in old Pierhaven town, a certain marine flavor hung about it, which could be traced to sundry pairs of oars standing in the corners, a small sail gathered about its spars, some superannuated blocks and running tackle, a basket of coarse wire in which rested a "clam-digger," etc. and to a faint, all-pervading tarry fragrance. Just overhead, across the boards reaching from side to side to keep the rafters from spreading, were laid a boat hook, the long boom of some departed craft, richly rust-stained by the corroded iron straps, and some slender poles on which rested the folds of cotton drilling which Joe had indicated.

"Another watering, you mean, if it rains about every day, the way it has for a week back," I rejoined.

"So much the more reason for a good spell of weather, when it once gets started. See how it's lightened up, and Cap'n Jotham says it's going to clear up for good."

Just in time to give point to this, a faint gleam of sunshine was defined for an instant across the floor from the open doorway.

"Besides," he continued, "it's getting into August and vacation won't last forever. I say, let's make a start tomorrow, we've most of this afternoon to get ready in."

"Got any special place in mind?"

"No, anywhere'll do, so long's we get there, you're the geography man. I guess the wind'll decide it in the end. I'm going down to bail her out, she must be about full, see you later."

Maybe you know something about Joe and I already; if you do, you know that he was going to bail out our skiff, the *Triton*, which had carried us up the Pequonset River to the head of skiff navigation, and then back again, earlier in the vacation. The tent which lay across the poles overhead had come into nightly use during that week when we pitched our little camp on the banks of the stream.

Before the Pequonset reached our town, its fresh waters were merged in the salt flood of Pierhaven River, an arm of Niattaconset Bay, whose tides ebbed and flowed along the dozen time-worn wharves which bordered the waterfront of the old seaport. It was the bay which was now in our thoughts. Its expanse of 10 by 20 miles was divided by islands of various sizes into many sheets and passages, and its irregular shores abounded in miniature bays and land-locked nooks, nothing could be better adapted for cruising and exploring on our unambitious scale.

We expected to encounter no pirates or waterspouts and were fully aware that we were not of that race of boys, sometimes encountered in our reading, who achieved the feats of men and were accustomed to take the lead of their elders, but we expected to have a right good time for all that, and in fancy saw our little camp pitched on many shores which, though not far distant, were as yet untrodden by us.

Getting ready was no formidable matter, the main thing was the commissary department, so I took the big satchel of black glazed cloth down from its peg and began to consider how to make its lean, flat sides stand apart. This involved a consultation with the older folks, who had some doubts about granting a charter to the expedition.

I was able to argue that we and the *Triton* had returned whole from one cruise into regions still more unknown than those we now meditated invading. To the rejoinder that the water in the Pequonset River had not proved deep enough to drown us, I could reply that on the other hand there would be no sudden freshets down the bay to wash our boat from her moorings, as had happened up the river (and a pretty anxious time we had for a while, 'til we found her again). In the end I prevailed, I think they had some idea that Joe could look out for me as he was bigger than I, though hardly six months older. Whether Joe's people thought I could pull HIM through safely, I didn't know.

Chapter II

By sunrise the next morning I had finished breakfast and was again in the woodshed getting the things together, there were three oars (one short one to steer with) besides the sail and spars and the tent with its poles. I heard the gate click and in came Joe.

"I thought I should find you here", he said. "I've carried down my bag and blankets, hurry up! There's a nice little northerly breeze on the river and we want to get all we can out of it. Where's the jug?"

I handed it out and he proceeded to fill it at the well. A few minutes later we were at the wharf, Joe had unfastened the stern moorings and brought the *Triton* close alongside. He stepped down the old ladder, the lower part of which was slippery and green with moss, and I handed the things down to him, then ran back for my blanket and the tent for we couldn't fetch everything at one load. When I got back Joe had the sail all up. I got

aboard, bringing the painter with me. While he shoved off, I opened the stern locker to put in the blankets. The boat had been half full of rainwater when Joe bailed her out the afternoon before and it had leaked in underneath 'til the inside of the locker was still damp, but I put in our waterproofs first and gathered them around so as to keep things dry.

There was a gentle wind from a little west of north; the tide was ebbing, more than half out, and the strong current in the channel helped to carry us rapidly by the old stone wharves, heavily bearded with bladder-wrack or "rock-weed" below high water mark. A coal-laden schooner was moored at Gilmour's wharf; further up town, behind us, was another, at the wharf of the Drummond mills; at the rest lay catboats and rowboats, slight craft for such massive quarters.

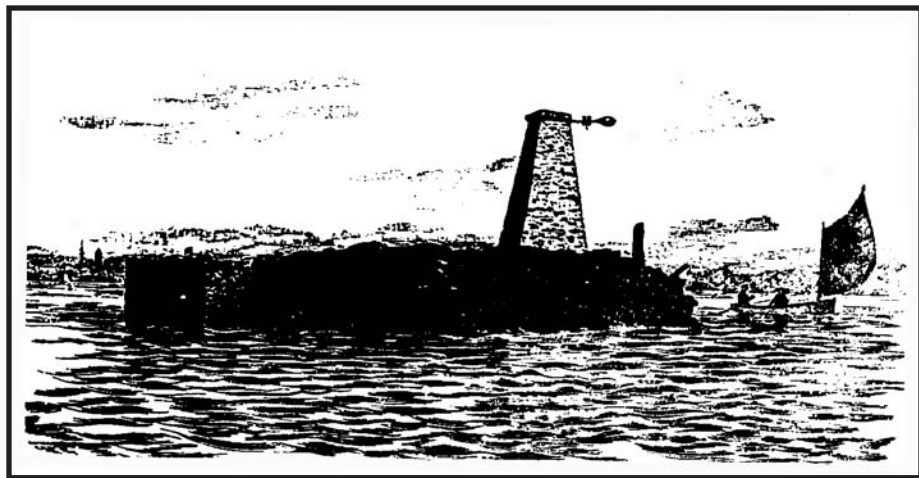
There had been a time within the memory of men still young, when the waterfront was lined with seagoing vessels, brigs with molasses from Cuba, merchantmen from European ports, whaling barques from the Indian Ocean and the Pacific. All had left, long before; from time to time, one and another had made their last cruise down Pierhaven River and we had no thought of them, as we coursed gaily by. Our little voyage outweighed all the silent past and our buoyant skiff skimmed lightly over the shallows in the middle, straight sou' sou'west for the harbor's mouth, taking no account of the ship channel which hugged the eastern shore and curved back westward in Upton's bend, where the river narrowed at the pier.

The pier! To the Pierhaven boys there is only one pier. It is like nothing but itself. Not a wharf, for it stands in the midst of the water like an island, and more than a beacon, for only a little of its rugged surface is occupied by the angular white tower at the southern end with its quaint old iron index pointing eastward to the channel. It is as much a part of Pierhaven as the spires which look down to it from the old seaport and it helps them to give the place a distinct personality of its own. Joe and I know the old pier well, often had we climbed the slippery steps and fished for the white-nosed "tautog" which lurked among the rocks on which it was built, or anchored our boat nearby while we cast our lines overboard. Each of us had scaled the steep tower, hanging "by teeth and toenails" to such chinks as could be found, which seemed to grow fewer and smaller the higher we went, and stood elated on the top.

But the pier was not the goal this morning, but only the first milestone on the voyage, and we hurried by with the last of the ebb, leaving it lessening behind us, and seeming to dream of the square-riggers of old, which would no more float past it up the harbor from the regions overseas.

"I wonder how much longer it'll last," said Joe, looking at the crumbling masonry of the southern face, which had been buffeted by the ice of nearly three-score winters, 'til the ruin extended to the base of the tower itself. "It's a shame to see it going and not be able to help it. If I was rich, I'd see that the old pier was fixed up safe and sound, you believe! But if I ever am, it won't be in time. Got the fish lines?" he suddenly asked.

The channel was marked by spar buoys, anchored about half a mile apart; the length of chain by which the lower end was held down left the stick free to incline either up or down the river, according to the direction of the current.



"It's about lasted us down," said Joe, "and that's all we want, there isn't much current out in the bay. Get out the chart, navigator, and give us the course."

I opened my bag, and produced a map of the bay, traced on thin paper, and then pasted to a piece of cardboard; the parts meant for water were colored with a rich tint of cobalt blue, which I hadn't laid on quite as evenly as I set out to do; but then you see patches and streaks of uneven color on the real water, especially when it's breezing up after a calm, so it was more natural, maybe. The whole thing was covered with a thin coat of shellac to make it waterproof.

"The mischief is, we don't know how long this wind's going to hold," I observed.

"That's just it, but it's kept up pretty well so far, and I guess we can count on it for as much as an hour longer."

A sunny summer day in that region was very likely to begin with a gently northerly wind, or "land breeze," because during the night the land cooled faster than the water. But it heated quicker, too, as the sun got higher and higher, so that towards noon the air over the land would be warmer than that over the water, and then the land air would rise, of course, and the cooler air would draw in from seaward to take its place, but before this change of wind began, there would generally be a calm.

This sea breeze, blowing almost all the afternoon and well into the night, was a very nice thing on a hot day, and people were glad when it started up, but on this particular day, the longer it hung back, the better we'd be suited; for when it came, it would be against us, and our little spritsail wasn't of much account in working to windward.

"If the wind would only last, I'd like to go over into the Coweset region. Once we get there, there are lots of places we could go to, with the wind either north or south, but it's a long slant, as much as five miles. Now it's hardly four miles straight down to the end of Poppasquash and from there we could strike across the wind to Mt Hope Bay."

"Well, I'll point her over Coweset way to begin with," said Joe, who was steering, "and if the wind slackens up before we expect, we'll change for t'other place."

We were now two miles below Pierhaven just gliding out into the bay. This part of it was an unbroken sheet about four miles square and we were at the northeast corner. It was not like the Pequonset River, where our path was fixed for us by the stream; here many shores invited us, beyond those low, blue islands were such lots of new worlds to conquer!

But all within our present range of sight was familiar. Near us on the west, the jagged, light-brown sides of Rumstick Rock rose from the water like a miniature mountain peak; just beyond were the two flat, black ledges, uncovered only at low tide. In a line with them a couple of miles off, sparkled the old white buildings of Nayatt lighthouse; a little further west was the dark stone tower of Conimicut; then the western shore stretched southward, with the faintly gleaming houses of Long Meadow and Rocky Point, and the tall observatory crowning the bluff above. Southwest lay the blue Greenwich heights, for which we were heading, and the white speck of Warwick light three miles nearer, though from where we were it looked almost as far; and the southern horizon was bounded by the long, low, irregular north shore of Prudence Island, with the islet of Patience almost touching it on the west.

A big three-masted schooner was drifting down, and still further off were a few smaller vessels; they had every sail set, and, like us, meant to make as much of the northerly wind as they could, while it lasted. Then there was a tug towing up five coal barges, they were fastened one behind the other with long cables, and strung along so far apart that they made quite a procession. Over them stretched back a long line of steam-puffs from the tug, growing larger and looser as they went, till they melted away; two higher puffs from the whistle suddenly shot up, as one of the schooners drew near, and in about a quarter of a minute the toots came softly piping along.

(Continued Next Issue)

Editor Comments: This was the first installment of a serialization of an out of print book sent to me 21 years ago by a reader. The series went on for 40 issues. I commented on my deciding to serialize the book as follows in the November 1, 1985 issue:

"Adventures Down the Bay really tells us a lot about what we find as pleasure in small boating and it fits my concept of what I want to do with this magazine."

Now 110 years ago, the story of how two 14-year-old boys could find so much adventure sailing about on Rhode Island's Narragansett Bay, told in the vernacular of the times, was an enchanting vicarious experience. Equipped with no technology at all, a wooden skiff, a cotton spritsail with wooden spars, wooden oars, canvas tent, they had a wonderful time, an experience no longer available today to young or old.

Back when I was a kid of about 50, I heard about a group of small boat builders (Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society) from Sam Radding, who had built my boat. It was for builders of small (usually wooden) boats, and as my husband and I had just acquired an old 8' El Toro sailing dinghy, I thought we'd go to one of their "messabouts" and see what it was like. It was held in Mission Bay Park, a location close to where we lived. The beach was long, sloping, and gentle and the company was great. I was the only woman there with a boat, but no one seemed to mind. It was nice to see the hand-built boats the men had made, and they were generous enough to let me sail or row a couple of them.

At one point in the messabout, I did something I should never do: I decided to be "cool." Four or five men were standing knee-deep in the water discussing some facet of boat building as I sailed back toward the beach in my El Toro. I thought they would be impressed if I leaped out of the boat like a hero on a horse leaps off the horse to save the day. So, with all of them watching, I zipped into the area, raised the daggerboard and when I got to where I figured the water was about a foot deep, I let go of the main sheet, and with both hands on the center of the thwart, I leaped out.

Alas, there was no sand a foot under the boat. It was actually more like four feet. So my outbound leg went right on under the boat and the other leg got caught by the heel on the rail, which flipped me upside down, feet up, head down (underwater). Not exactly cool. I came back up alongside the boat, fully clothed and completely wet from head to foot. The group of men I was trying to impress, and who had been watching me, were now all turned away toward the beach. Their shoulders were bouncing up and down so I knew they were laughing. I think I said, as I pulled the boat onto the beach, "Want to see that again?" We all laughed then.



Sailing with Miss-Megan-the-Australian-Wonder-Dog in my El Toro *HOT YOT* about 20 years ago.

I went to all the ensuing messabouts and about a year later the founder of the club, Joe Tribulato, asked me if I would "help with the newsletter." The newsletter was a single hand-printed sheet, outlining the details for the next messabout. I think they had about 15 members. I said I could as soon as I gave up doing the Ancient Mariners newsletter. The following Christmas-time, I was free, so I told Joe I'd give him a hand. I had no clue what would happen next. A few days later, a big box arrived, with everything that had anything to do with the club, in it. Joe's note said he had some vision trouble and couldn't do the newsletter anymore. He wrote, "Don't let the guys down." He meant for me to carry on the club alone, not just help with the newsletter.

My 20 Years as the Mother-of-All Scuzbums (A MUM-oire)

By Annie Holmes
(San Diego, CA)



My husband keeps telling me I'm too old for this stuff. Hey, I'm only 74. I think I'll go sailing tomorrow...

I had fun doing a bigger newsletter, with stories and photos and funny stuff. I encouraged the men to include the wives and kids at our messabouts, and they did. What a wonderful group! Every single member was a laid back, friendly, creative, generous, and fun person. Not an ego trip nor a gold chain in the lot. No tattoos, no earrings. No big yachts. We never had a rule that you had to have built your boat nor that it be made of wood, or even have a boat, for that matter. Our group was attractive to a certain kind of person, the kind I like the best, and they came out of the woodwork to join us.

As the newsletter got bigger and better we had more people wanting to join, so I decided to charge dues so I could afford the printing and postage for the newsletter, as well as any other expenses I'd need to put on a good outing for the gang. At one point I was sending out 110 newsletters. Many were comps, but at least 90 were regular members.

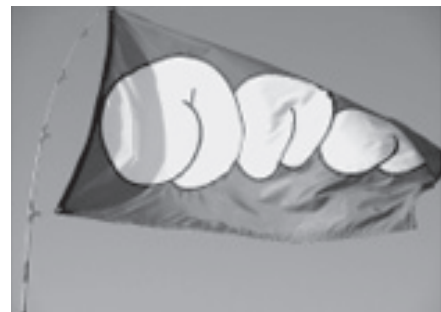
I was sure we needed a catchier name. Southern California Small Boat Messabout Society was too much of a mouthful. The initials were SCSBMS. Scuzbums! I changed the newsletter header to *SCUZBUMS NEWS*. Everyone seemed to like it except the founder. He didn't think it was respectful enough. Well, gee, we were just a bunch of boat bums with mud on our feet, wading in and out of shallow water getting in and out

The inspiration for...



of small boats. The seats of our pants were chronically wet, so I stuck with Scuzbums.

A year or so later I thought a burgee would be nice. These are not easy to design, as they must read from both sides, say something about the organization, and the sun must shine through them. I came up with our current burgee, "Three Seats to the Wind," which is three bare bums (cartoon style) on a red and blue background. The majority of the club liked it, but a couple of outspoken members were horrified. They wrote critical letters and I published them in the newsletter.



...and execution of the club burgee.

I thought maybe I should design something more acceptable, so I did one with a hammer on it, to indicate the owner was a builder. The only ones who wanted the hammer version were the two horrified members, and I got lots of funny letters ordering the bums version. One guy asked to have his burgee sent in a plain brown wrapper. I sold out all the bums burgees in a month. I still have some black, blue, and white hammer burgees if anybody wants one. I also have cartoons of Scuzbums cups that didn't sell, a few leftover small size T-shirts, too. The most popular club items were the shirts and the caps. All had the "bums" burgee embroidered on them. I couldn't keep them in stock. That was at the point when the club was about ten years old. We had huge crowds of campers at our big five-day messabout every August, and one year we had over 80 people and 50 boats. People came from other states around the country.

Potluck dinner Saturday night at the annual Giant Messabout.



In our heyday we had races, scavenger hunts, trophies, mostly funny ones. One trophy nobody wanted to win was the Box of Nautical Knowledge. It was awarded to the person who screwed up the most at the messabout. Forgetting a key part of your boat, capsizing, having your boat take off from the beach alone, these were the infractions that earned one the BONK (Box of Nautical Knowledge). Inside the locked box was important nautical information for any boater. Only those who have "won" this trophy know what is in the box, sorry. Each year one of our members, John Canning, would hold the crowd rapt with his historical tales of how the box had saved the day for famous sea captains. After this 15 minute discourse, the box was awarded to the most deserving boater. Embarrassing, but fun at the same time.



John Canning tells the exciting tale of the history of the Box of Nautical Knowledge every year at the Giant Five Day Messabout.

We have a Founder's Trophy, which was first awarded to me by the founder, Joe T. It was a ratty piece of old halyard line with a corroded bronze shackle on it. Tied to it with a string was a cardboard tag which read, "Founder's Trophy." Joe explained it was to go to the most deserving (and possibly the funniest) member each year. Each year the winner would add something to the trophy. The second person so honored, Kim Apel, polished the shackle so it looked new, and substituted the ratty line with brand new yacht braid. It now contains a carved wooden "bum" and a dozen aluminum beer tabs, a plastic spine (from a chiropractor), a coffee cup from a member who has a coffee shop up in Morro Bay, and several other funny additions which I can't remember here.

I offered kids prizes, too. I would have a meeting with them at the beginning of a messabout and let them know that I had some cool stuff to give them if I caught them doing good deeds, such as picking up junk off the area and disposing of it, or helping adults with their boats, or helping "Chef Dudley," my husband, who put on the pancake breakfasts and the chili dinners. My prizes for the kids were the things adults hate: water pistols, Slime, water balloons, anything like that. They were treated as equals and were the best behaved kids, let me tell you.

I was referred to as the Mother of all Scuzbums, Mum, ScuzMum, Scuz-Momma, etc. I was proud of every nickname. I worked hard so they could all have a place to kick back and enjoy the boats and each other. It



A gathering of Scuzbums.

was fun, plain and simple. Each year before the big messabout I would worry about liability. What if someone fell out of his boat and drowned? Would some relative call a lawyer and sue me? Every year I took a chance. I insisted we all use life jackets and sail or paddle safely. We all did. Also, it wasn't (or I should say, isn't) the kind of group that just gets together to get drunk. On the contrary, the members are conservative, and although wine and beer can occasionally be seen around the campfire, no one gets drunk.

We had every kind of small boat you can imagine; from dinks and dories, kayaks, Bolger boats, to midget tugboats, to a small pocket cruiser, and even an amphibian with six wheels. Most of the boats were gorgeous handmade perfection. A festival of varnished beauties. We had a bunch of Pelicans, Cartoppers, sailing canoes, an Adirondack Goodboat, Sharpies, Sabots, my El Toro *HOT YOT*, a crabbing skiff, Wee Lassies, a 12' schooner, a set of three Pirate Boats, a catamaran or two, a miniature square-rigger, even a stubby yellow plastic kayak.

And the kids built boats, too. We christened them all as they went into the water at a messabout for the first time. It was a glorious time. The men who build small boats don't just build one. They build boat after boat. Before a messabout, they have to pick which one or two to take along. Their wives are amazingly tolerant, as is my husband. He promised to divorce me if I brought home another boat. I brought home more boats, but he never divorced me.



My husband, "Chef Dudley" Elmore.

We have messabouts all over the place: Baja, Mexico; Western Canada; Cape Breton, Nova Scotia; Lakes Mohave, Mead, and Powell, the local lakes, harbors up and down the coast, and camp/cruising trips down the Colorado River. But most of the local messabouts are at the beach near our marina, in South San Diego Bay. People from all over



Scuz-Mum on the Colorado river.

Bowron Lakes, Canada trip.



the country who know about us come along on some of these camp/cruising messabouts.

Our club is still active and we've become a chapter of a national group, TSCA. We don't have the same crowds we used to. Some of the older members have died. The newsletter turned into a website, which nobody liked. Now it's email only. The venue we had for unlimited numbers of campers, right on the beach where we could keep the boats, has become a thing of the past. It's on the way to becoming a four star RV park. No more tents, no more fire pits for the evening bonfires, no more unlimited guests allowed. So now attendees must find lodging away from the beach, the kids have all grown up, and many of us regulars are senior citizens who aren't as excited about sleeping in a tent anymore. But when we get together, we still have fun, we share the boats with one and all, and it makes me feel good to see all the wonderful friendships that have happened because of Scuzbums. We still have five boats and I'm still married!

The International Scene

Photos in daily shipping news publications show many container ships filled to capacity. But sometimes, a fully loaded ship is high out of the water. Is this due to a low level of bunkers at the end of a long voyage or are many of the containers empties? One wonders.

Due to the world's economic situation and declining sea trade, orders for new ships declined last year but ship deliveries grew to 75.7 million gross tons compared to 64.2 million gross tons on 2008.

Thin Place and Hard Knocks

Ships sank: At Constanza, the container ship *Medy* loaded scrap (in containers?) and sailed for Turkey. Shortly afterwards, it yelped for help and a Romanian rescue vessel took the crew of 17 off the badly listing vessel. Soon afterwards, the *Medy* sank.

Off Russia's Sakhalin Island in the Sea of Japan, the dredger *Anabar* ran onto rocks while outside a port and one of a crew of 20 went missing.

In Russia's Laptev Sea in the Arctic region, the tugboat *Alexel Kulakovsky* sank and a nearby tanker could find only the captain and two sailors. A prolonged search failed to find any bodies but did spot an empty life raft.

Off the west coast of South Korea, the South Korean cargo ship *Ocean Ace No. 6* ran down an anonymous Chinese fishing boat and all its crew died.

Ships went aground: In China in an area east of Changbai, the product tanker *Jin He* ran aground near the harbor entrance. The next high tide straightened up the listing vessel and local tugs managed to free it.

At Kavaratti Island in Lakshadweep, the cement carrying freighter *Nand Aparajita* ended up perched on a coral reef. The reef is among the finest in India.

In American Samoa, the tourist submarine *Atlantis V* went aground in Apra harbor. No tourists were on board and a tug freed the sub later that day.

The fishing boat refueling tanker *Hai Soon 5* ran aground on the western reef off Bipi Island, Manus Province, and Papua New Guinea officials said it was fully loaded.

The combined chemical and oil tanker *Clipper Tobago* ran aground off Guatemala. The ship was on passage from Houston to Santo Tomas di Castilla with a cargo of tallow and catering greases. Extensive research failed to find a definition for the last but it may be the greases that accumulate in restaurant grease traps or used deep fat frying oils.

Ships collided: The in-ballast Belgian VLCC *Flandre* collided with the far smaller coastal bulker *Hua Chi 8* off the coast of China's Zhejiang province, and the big one won. Six mariners died.

Somewhere above the Russian land-mass in difficult ice conditions and poor visibility, the Russian tankers *Indiga* and *Varzuga* collided in that nation's North East Passage. Some hull damage resulted but no spill of cargos (diesel oil) or bunkers. Both vessels resumed steaming for Chukota in the Far East.

Fire and explosion took a toll: Ghanaian authorities ordered that the product tanker *Seven Seas* be beached after it collided with a Cambodian cargo ship. Locals decided to vandalize the ship and about 200 were present while fuel was being siphoned off. Four were killed and another 70 injured when there was an explosion.

Beyond the Horizon

By Hugh Ware

Explosion and fire on the *Vermillion Oil Platform No. 380* some 90 miles south of the Louisiana coast forced 13 workers into the water. Twelve of the well-trained men were spotted in life preservers and clipped together for maximum visibility for searchers. They were supporting a thirteenth man who was without a preserver. The platform only produces gas and oil and there was no spill.

Humans got hurt or died: The chief engineer of the bulk carrier *Almeda* died from drinking industrial alcohol while the ship was sailing to the Red Sea's Port Sudan.

An explosion at an east China shipyard killed five and left one worker missing.

Humans were rescued: A three-year-old sick boy was airlifted from the ferry *Stena Europe* while it was 13 miles from Stumble Head on the west coast of Wales. Not far away, a lifeboat was taking a sick seaman to a hospital from the merchant vessel *Marida Melissa*. The lifeboat was used because the local RAF rescue helicopter was busy transporting the little boy.

Gray Fleets

The nearly new destroyer *HMS Daring* suffered a long dent when its escorting tug *Svitzer Sussex* lost power and steering control and they collided. The tug, protected by much rubber fendering, was unharmed.

The Royal Navy will scrap the icebreaker *HMS Endurance* and replace it with a leased or purchased Norwegian icebreaker, and it may receive the same name. The *Endurance* nearly sank when someone improperly opened an engine room valve during maintenance while the ship was off the coast of Chile and that caused £30 million of damages. The icebreaker is a key contributor to Royal Navy presence in the South Atlantic.

The Canadian Navy may pare down the number of ships or reduce the capability of its Arctic/Offshore Patrol Ship program due to strict budget constraints on the CAD3.1 billion (USD2.9 billion) program. Measures included reducing the calibre of the main gun from 76mm or 57mm to 25mm, using less-powerful engines, and only building six hulls instead of the "six to eight" specified previously.

The president of Ghana wanted "big" ships for that nation's navy so he bought two elderly East German fast patrol craft that had been built in the late '70s and retired in 2005. He paid a staggering \$38 million, \$23 million for the boats and another \$15 million for refurbishment. (Tunisia purchased six of the better boats, two were sold to private parties, and the last two will be scrapped.)

In recent months, British subs have had frequent encounters with Russian attack subs and there seems to be only one reasonable answer to the sudden popularity of the Brit subs. Since the end of the Cold War, the Russian Navy has put submarines on patrol so infrequently that officials must have suddenly realized that its library of vessel and other marine sounds is obsolete and needed refreshing. One may surmise that submarines of other nations are also being dogged, but the Yanks, French, and Chinese aren't talking.

A New Jersey salvage company will recover the remains of *USS Scorpion*, Commodore Joshua Barney's flagship of a small fleet of shallow draft warships in the War of 1812. At the abortive Battle of Bladensburg, his ships and marines were far more effective than the US land forces in attempting to slow British forces advancing on Washington, DC. In the end, Barney was forced to scuttle his flotilla way up the Patuxent River at Pig Point and surrender. He was promptly paroled by the British commander, who had recognized his dogged gallantry.

The executive officer of the Indian Navy submarine *INS Shankush* lost his life about 60 miles off Mumbai when a wave swept him off the sub's deck while he and five others were trying to rescue a maintenance worker who had fallen into the sea.

White Fleets

In Canada's far north some 55 miles from Kugluktuk (aka Coppermine), the cruise ship *Clipper Adventure* ended up on some rocks and the Canadian icebreaker *Amundsen* was sent to take off the 110 passengers and 69 crew members.

The *Explorer of the Seas* (3,100 passengers) and the smaller *Independence* (100 passengers) sought refuge from Hurricane Earl at Portland, Maine. Passengers on the first vessel reported it had steamed for Portland at its top cruising speed of 23 knots and it had been too windy to stand on deck. (The hurricane's impact on Portland was minimal but offshore waves were reported to be 15'-25'.)

In Russia, the river cruise vessel *Viking Kirov* hit a barge while on a cruise from St Petersburg to Moscow. None of the nearly 300 passengers on the American operated vessel were hurt and alcohol was mentioned as a possible contributor to the excitement.

A 72-year-old woman with head injuries was heli-lifted off the *Island Princess* 63 miles from Yakutat in Alaska.

Some junior crew members of some cruise ships are into child porn. Convicted in May was an assistant waiter on the *Costa Atlantica* and an assistant room steward on the *Carnival Glory* was recently arrested at Halifax.

Sixteen Brits are suing a cruise company because the *Alexy Maryshev* was too close to a glacier when it calved in 2007. Most of the 48 passengers were on the foredeck to get good closeup photos of the glacier and many were hurt, some seriously, by falling chunks of ice and violent wave motions induced by the calving. The cruise ship was originally an ice-strengthened research vessel.

They That Go Back and Forth

The operator of a Le Havre-Portsmouth ferry line substituted the ferry *Cote d'Albatre* on that route after the high-speed catamaran *ro/to Norman Arrow* struck a mooring buoy at Le Havre and holed itself below the waterline.

Five people were injured at Mayne Island when the British Columbia ferry *Queen of Nanaimo* made a very hard landing even though an anchor had been dropped. One passenger was airlifted to a hospital.

The State of North Carolina hired a retired Coast Guardsman to head up its ferry division. Within two months he reported nepotism, payroll padding, and out of control spending, and he was promptly fired for not being a team player. But his reports triggered investigations that showed he was right, among other things, a list of ferry employees showed many repeats of the same surnames.

In central Manitoba on the Bloodvein River, a probably intoxicated young man threatened to jump into the river so the ferry returned to the dock. There, two Mounties attempted to speak to the youth. He backed away, then jumped off the ferry. One Mountie felt he had to jump in to save the teenager, who appeared to be sinking. In full accordance with ancient traditions of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, the Mountie got his man!

In the Democratic Republic of Congo, a river ferry caught fire while on the Kasai River, a tributary of the Congo River. Only 15 people made it to shore and some 200 others died. Meanwhile in the same country, a fishing vessel capsized and 24 (according to the government) or 60 (reports from locals) people died.

Legal Matters

Usually the US government wins when it comes to prosecutions involving oily water separators, "magic pipes," and erring logbooks, but a jury recently acquitted the chief engineer of the tanker *Georgios M* of five such charges. Earlier, his employer had paid a \$1.3 million fine and cooperated with the prosecutors in their assault on the chief. Now he's suing his employer and the tanker for \$22.8 million for their complicity in his 28-month incarceration in Texas.

However, the US government won in the case against the chief engineer of the bulker *New Fortune* for a "magic pipe" violation. His punishment was surprisingly mild; he got three years of probation, a \$5,000 fine, and a \$100 special assessment for failing to maintain an oil record book. The Greek owners paid a \$750,000 fine and a community service payment of \$100,000.

The Ukrainian master of the Dutch coaster *Flinterforest* was drunk (at least twice the legal limit) when he ran his ship aground in the Orestund strait that separates Sweden and Denmark. A Malmo court let him off with a sentence of the 17 days of time he had already served but his career was probably finished.

And in Wellington, New Zealand, a cargo ship failed to sail because its master was too drunk. The harbor master described him as, "I understand he was conscious but not feeling well." The owners flew in a new skipper from Japan. Authorities would not release the ship's name but a news account at its next port revealed that it was the *Tasman Pathfinder*.

Waterfront workers in the US must possess a TWIC (Transportation Worker Identification Credential) card and pay for it themselves (\$132.50 each and good for only five years) but not everyone is happy with the little marvel that carries so much identity information on a chip. For example, Houston longshoremen carry their cards in their hip pockets, where the cards get bent and the chips inside become broken. (The card is supposed to be carried on a lanyard around the neck but many think this practice is hazardous.) And airport security workers have refused to accept a TWIC as evidence of a mariner's identity although the card is government issued and is on the Homeland Security's list of approved IDs.

A Korean shipping company was fined \$852,000 for carrying more than 1,400 tons of toxic waste from Europe to Brazil in 89 containers. Their contents were supposed to be clean plastic for recycling but included soiled diapers and other nasties.

Imports

Justice can be slow and perhaps not very just. Three years after their arrest, two Ukrainian officers were sentenced in Venezuela to nine years in jail for cocaine smuggling. Divers had found 128kg of the white powder clamped to the hull of their ship, the bulker *B Atlantic*.

Packaged cocaine must have a distinctive smell because the crew of a Columbia Navy patrol boat reported it smelled 12 tonnes (\$240 million worth) of cocaine in the hull of a 50' semi-submersible smuggler two miles away and gave chase.

Royal Navy destroyer *HMS Gloucester* vs the 36' sailboat *Tortuga* in mid-Atlantic, no contest! The American-registered *Tortuga* was taken to Cape Verde where inspectors found £4 million worth of cocaine packets built into its hollow rudder. The destroyer had been en route to its station in the Falkland Islands when it was asked to accept a Cape Verdean law enforcement team.

Nature

The Danish Navy stopped the Greenpeace vessel *Esperanza* on its way to an Arctic oil rig off the island of Disko near Greenland. Greenpeace's plan was to protest drilling in 500 metres as too dangerous to the environment.

Five Inuit villages in Canada near Greenland got an injunction that stopped a German icebreaker from conducting seismic tests that could be possibly dangerous to the environment in an area that abounds in wildlife and, possibly, gas, oil, and minerals.

LNG seems to be the fuel of the future and a Swedish ship owner is one of the first to use LNG in its ships. The company is converting its 25,000dwt tanker *Bit Viking* from heavy oil fuel to LNG. One reason for the conversion may be that the twin-engined vessel normally operates in Norwegian waters where NOx is taxed.

The Richter scale 7.1 earthquake that ravaged Christchurch, New Zealand, moved parts of that country up to 11' closer to Australia. It is not clear whether airfares between the two nations will be reduced.

In Australia, the Brisbane River is full of bull sharks. Those found upriver are normally less than 1.5 metres long, but when the water warms up in summer they leap out of the water and spin around. Although bull sharks don't target humans, they have been known to grab one here and there, and Brisbane local sharks did bite the hand and finger of a boy, attack a racehorse being exercised in the water, and snap up a Chihuahua.

Metal-Bashing

Vietnamese officials arrested another four executives of that nation's fast-growing, state-owned shipbuilding industry. Two of them had made major purchases when the state had already expressed its disapproval. The other two had intentionally violated regulations, thus causing grievous losses.

Nasties and Territorial Imperatives

Piracy charges against six Somali pirates were dismissed because an 1819 US law said piracy was maritime robbery and the suspects hadn't been caught while actually committing a robbery (they had only approached and shot at a US warship). Congress was asked to pass a more suitable law defining piracy for the contemporary scene.

Conditions were just right and appropriate forces (the amphibious transport dock *USS Dubuque* and the guided missile cruiser *USS Princeton*) were present so 24

battle-experienced US Marines from the 15th Marine Expeditionary Unit on the *Dubuque* boarded the German owned but Somali pirate controlled bulker *Magellan Star* and took over. Nine pirates were captured and none of the crew or Marines were injured.

Odd Bits

The 1864 square rigger *City of Adelaide*, the world's oldest clipper ship, made some 23 emigrant carrying round trips between the UK and Adelaide but, in recent years, its hull has been parked at Irvine in Scotland. Four options for its future were identified, with the leader being what authorities called "an archaeological deconstruction" (aka demolition). Option four was to transfer the hull to an Australian entity and, luckily, the City of Adelaide Preservation Trust wanted possession of the old vessel. Now there is the problem of how to get the relic to Australia in time for the celebration in 2011 of South Australia's 175th anniversary of the State. (For those interested in genealogical data, about a quarter million Ozzies owe their existence to ancestors who emigrated in the old ship).

Billionaires must find it hard to spend all their wealth. One arrived at Sydney aboard his *Plastiki*, a 60' catamaran largely made from recycled plastic beverage bottles held together by an organic glue made from cashew nuts and sugar cane. The 12,860km voyage from San Francisco took 128 days and he was seasick most of the time. Green voyage and green patron? But an onboard filmmaker had been able to watch the birth of a son via Skype over the internet.

Some years ago, the master of the *Zim Mexico* was prosecuted in the US after his ship hit a shoreside crane, toppling it and killing an electrician inside. The master was judged to be guilty (he hadn't notified the pilot about an "erratic" bow thruster although the thruster had worked the last 50 times or more). The case raised much international furor over its unfairness. Recently, he and three friends were fishing off the coast of County Cork when their boat caught fire. He and two other friends didn't survive.

In the UK, Greenwich University kicked off a EU-sponsored study called Safeguard that focused on ship evacuation and safety procedures. The fire safety engineering group ran an unprecedented research project on the cruise ship *Jewel of the Sea* in which more than 2,300 passengers took part in an assembly drill while at sea. The passengers wore infrared tracking tags and were monitored by more than 100 video cameras as they moved about the ship on 12 decks to reach their assembly areas. As the project leader later exulted, "This assembly was unique in several aspects, as we collected data from a large cruise ship during a virtually unannounced assembly drill and while we were actually at sea."

December 2009 was a bad month for the US Coast Guard; two of its small boats collided with other vessels. One was at Charleston, South Carolina, and the other at San Diego, California. One child was killed and several injured. A common denominator in these accidents seems to have been that the Coast Guard boat operators were using cell phones for texting or conversation not pertinent to the job.

Head-Shaker

For many years, British mariners guilty of "unwanted and/or improper attention" towards female passengers were charged with "broaching cargo."



Burnham Boatyard Report Frame Up For the *Ardelle*

From Harold Burnham's Blog

The keel for the new schooner *Pinky Ardelle* was laid on September 6 in just about the same spot as the schooner *Fame* keel once rested in 2003. That schooner was a beauty, shown here on launch day. In the not so distant future, this new keel will turn into something that is clearly worth watching go up and by spring slide down the ways into the water... here's hoping!



Upstairs in the loft Harold is shown working on a pattern for one of the frames. Chuck Redmond and Andrew Spinney (who helped Harold build the *Fame* in 2003) have already been a great help, their skills and great attitudes are a real bonus.



The keel assembly is not yet bolted or glued but its pieces fit together like hand and glove!



The worm shoe is a piece of thick wood that goes onto the bottom of the keel like a layer cake. Chuck Redman applies the tar to the exposed part of the keel, which will then be covered with the worm shoe. Steve Willard and Harold placing the wormshoe on the bottom of the keel.



According to one definition, a sacrificial worm shoe is a non-structural piece of wood, fixed to the underside of a wooden boat. One of the great advantages of a traditionally built wooden boat is that damaged parts can be replaced. But those underwater parts which are most likely to be damaged by a grounding are the most difficult to replace, hence the worm shoe.



The first frame comes out the barn door. The crew worked hard to get the futtocks cut and the frames put together for Frame Up Day on September 6! Many volunteers came to help raise three frames, with 22 frames more to go! The interest and support on this day was inspiring, many visitors were able to sign the keel and get up close as they gathered in the barn to watch the men drive trunnels into the futtocks and haul the frame out to the resting keel.



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Backyard Boat Building...

The Almost Classic Look

By Tim Evans
Reprinted from the DCA Bulletin #207

(Or, how to build a small dinghy using cheap ply and expensive epoxy.
First published in Bulletin #137. A refreshing take on simple economical boat building
that is in tune with the current topic of Microboats.)

A couple of years ago I decided to build a rigid tender for use when my "ocean-going" West Wight Potter was on a mooring. Like many people, I have a particular liking for boats which look good as well as sail, so I tried to make the resulting dinghy as "boat-like" as possible. I offer the following article to those readers who might be interested in how to build something similar that looks fairly traditional but which is strong and simple to construct. Using modern materials, particularly epoxy resin, it's as easy to make a boat that looks and sails well as it is to make a floating packing case.

The dinghy covered in this article was designed to be built without specialist tools, the only woodworking tools really needed are a plane, a jig saw, and a few G cramps, although some others can make life a bit easier. It is glued and finished in SP epoxy, which makes the use of cheaper ply and softwood possible.

The cost will, of course, vary depending on how much the ply costs and upon how it is fitted out, as the stainless steel pintles and gudgeons for the rudder will probably cost as much as the two or three sheets of ply needed to make the dinghy. Alternatives are fairly easily made if none can be scrounged. Although it must be stressed that the use the boat is to be put to needs to be considered. Mild steel bits and pieces may be OK on a boat which lives in a garage for most of the year, but would be useless on one exposed to the elements on a long term basis.

A visit to the hardware/DIY shop can provide eyebolts etc, which will cost very little. Also, it is worth collecting odd pieces of hardwood which are often discarded in the building industry, but which can save pounds. The mast support came from a window frame offcut and, as a real traditional touch, I bought the jute fibre rope from B&Q, that well-known northern chandler.

The point is not just to make do with any old junk; this leads to the floating packing case type of DIY, but to understand what the item needs to do; this includes the boat itself. It is amazing what bits of improvisation can be seen on old boats. If you don't like my boat, perhaps this piece will help you work out possibilities for your own creations.

Now while I like making things, I also like to get them finished, hence I have always designed things so that it is as simple as possible to get the desired result. This dinghy was designed (a very grand-sounding term for the way I work) to carry three or four people as a tender and to sail with a couple of 12-year-olds onboard. I really wanted a clinker stem dinghy; I do not like pram dinghies. The problem was how to accommodate the practical with the aesthetics.

The result of my deliberations was to use 6mm ply strakes formed over a single mould, built on a base of chipboard, although 4mm would produce a lighter boat. The rigid-

ity comes from the box sections created by the buoyancy boxes. The bottom of the boat is really a large panel rather than being built up of strakes, again made of 6mm ply, and there is a fair amount of buoyancy forward. The strakes were made in matched pairs, the approximate shape being worked out using a scale half-model made from a cornflakes box and masking tape. Being lapstrake it is easy to plane the strakes where they are a little "off" once they are fixed together.

The stem, mould and transom are set up on the bench/building board in the correct position, linked by the 2"x1" spine. The bottom panels are added and then the strakes. The use of an inner stem means that accuracy in cutting the angles on the end of the strakes is not crucial, as they can overlap the inner stem and be cut off level when the resin has set. The outer bit of the stem can then be added. Masochists can, of course, use a one-piece stem and carefully cut a neat housing for the equally neatly cut strakes. The buoyancy compartments give the boat much of its rigidity and it is very strong.

The whole lot was bonded, strengthened, and saturated with SP epoxy which accounted for half the cost of building the boat. As this makes the boat so much more durable, I would recommend it. What is more, a paste made from resin and micro-balloons, which are a special filler for the resin, can be used as a fillet between the ply, reinforcing and filling any holes in one go.

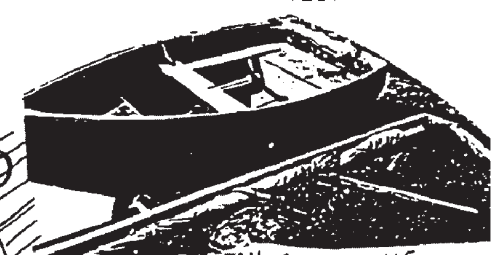
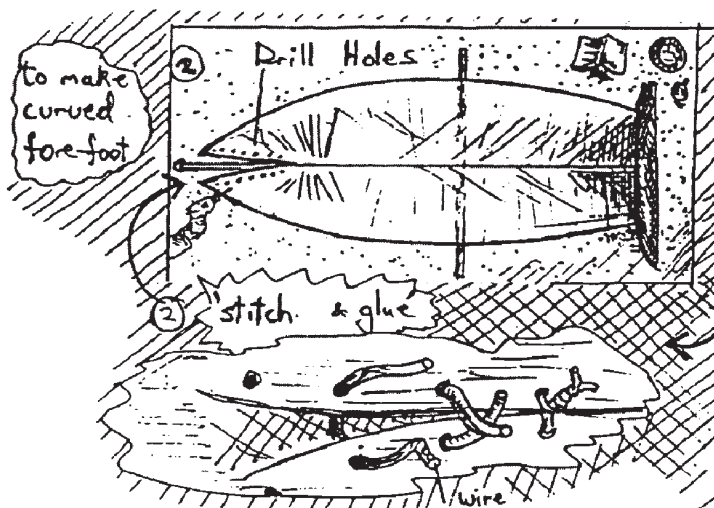
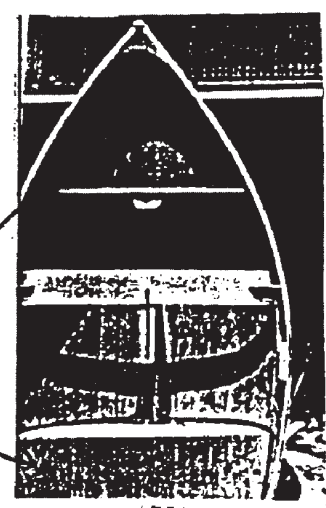
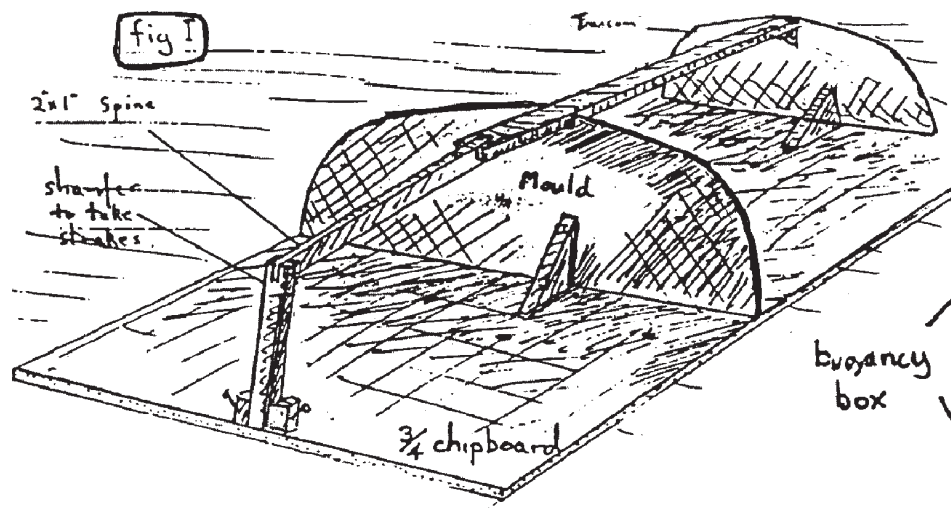
Much has been written on the subject of knees, and while I am sure great enjoyment can be gained from sorting out the right bit of bent wood for a hand carved knee, on this boat they are ply and are really gusset plates. Our local builders' yard is a bit limited on grown timbers, but all ply and pine for the mast came from builders' yards, making sure, of course, that the ply was WBP grade.

While building this way is sound, it is not an exact science, which really is in the tradition of working boat building, therefore, I leave working out the shapes of such things as the buoyancy boxes until the hull is formed. It is then possible to cut an accurate card template to the actual shape of the boat, rather than try to predict through a two-dimensional plan. Of course, it is worth taking a pattern in hardboard of the final shape if planning to make more than one.

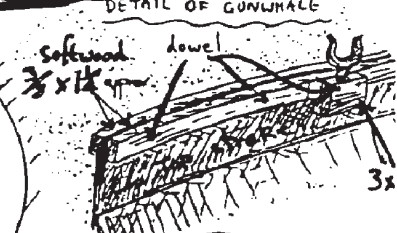
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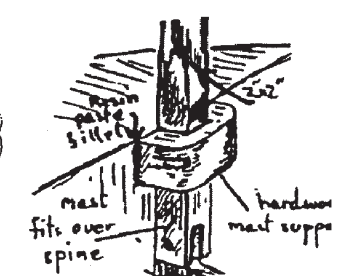
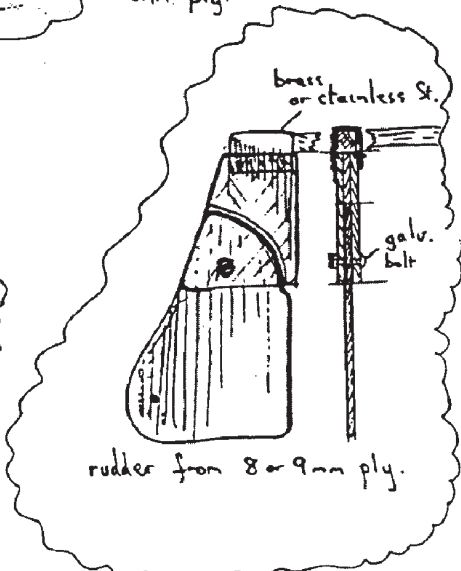
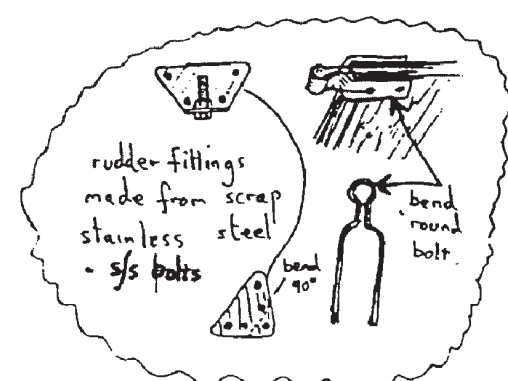
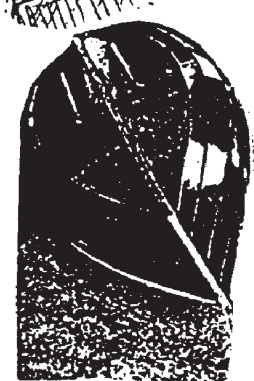
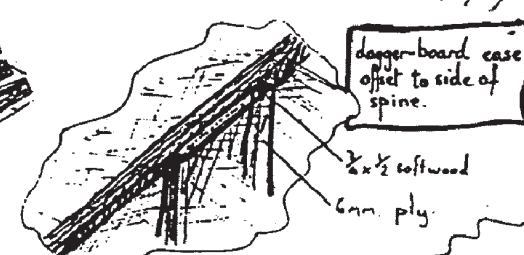
fig 1



DETAIL OF GUNWALE



curved section does not touch spine apart from ends

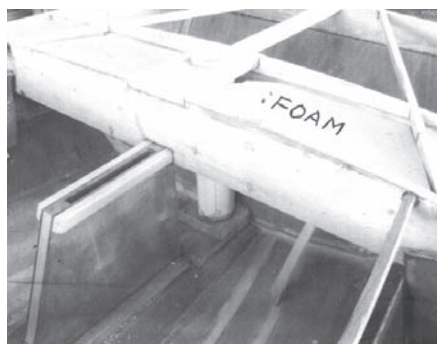


With the boat right side up, we are presented with a number of possibilities/problems. What about mast step/partners, board case, decking, lockers, seating, and so on? Best give all this serious thought, but in the meantime, let's do something. Are there epoxy drips/runs that sneaked through the planking? Would this be a good time to glass the interior? If this boat will perhaps spend some time with water in it, I strongly advise glassing the bottom and up the sides a way.

Since this is a sailboat, we must give some consideration to a mast. Sail area for this sort of boat should be between 60sf and 100sf, depending on what sort of white knuckle sailor you are. I think a hollow mast is worthwhile and it can be built concurrently with the rest of the boat. I consider a jib more trouble than it is worth.

So, we need something to hold the mast up. I prefer the term socket rather than mast step and partners. Until the moment when the mast is firmly seated in the step, it is, in inexperienced hands, or gusty winds, a deck destroying lever. I know whereof I speak.

A length of 3" Schedule 40 pvc pipe is just the ticket. I like to put it next to a bulkhead and surround it with reinforced decking.



1. Deck beam of 1" stuff supports both dagger board case and mast blocking. Blue foam is held by gobs of glue on the sides.

2. Deck framing. Triangular plywood webs support side deck stringers and cubby fronts. Cross brace, cut to length, holds side deck stringers in place till glue sets.



Super Dink

Part 8

By Jim Thayer

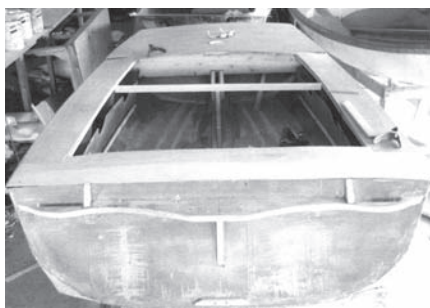
With the boat right way up, I can picture myself, can in hand, tiller agin my shoulder, as broad reaching along, I revel in the magnificent scenery of Lake Powell, secure in the knowledge that my stout and beautiful craft will carry me safely and swiftly to a welcoming campsite, where the contents of my capacious lockers will offer up the potables and comestibles requisite to my culinary skills and gourmet tastes, as the sun sets sensually in the west. Well, with apologies to Bulwer Lytton, let's get on with the project. Too many building projects have foundered on such shoals as that monster above.

It should be let into a substantial block at the bottom and well epoxied all round. A 3 1/2" hole saw is the ticket here, but you can make do with a 1/4 drill and a saber saw.

The mast bracing and deck should be planned with an eye to the case, which usually isn't very far aft. A dagger board case can be entered through the deck, which is ideal for strength but may increase problems with the sail. A centerboard case is lower and should be buttressed against the bottom or braced by a thwart. If you are going for a centerboard, a good pivot can be made by taking a piece of 1/2" copper or plastic pipe just long enough to span the case and inserting a stainless or bronze bolt through it and the case sides. Put large washers with caulking under on both sides. The clearance hole in the board should be well epoxied, or drill it over-size, fill with thickened epoxy, and re-drill to size. The pipe spacer allows you to snug up the bolts without binding the board.

Before any deck is actually installed, think about rowlocks, cleats, mainsheet and anything else that you might want on deck. Suitable blocking must be provided, and make certain that you can find them after you have painted over all the markings.

3. Four deck panels fitted and ready to glue.



A side deck will need one or two supports and a stringer along the edge. Or, glue blocks under the edge to support a coaming, which will stiffen things up considerably. Remember, you might want to sit out. A coaming that extends a couple inches below the deck will hide a layer of blue foam, which will be welcome if you ever run her under.

The rudder must have a lifting blade, unless you are sure of sailing off a float and never going ashore. Let's just say that the rudder must have a lifting blade. Run a line to the tiller and provide a cleat. It's worthwhile to devise some sort of tiller comb against the inevitable time when you need two hands for something. I like to put gudgeons on both transom and rudder and capture the rudder fittings between those on the transom with a brass rod with eye on the top end. Lose the rod and you can still make do with 20 penny nails or bits of line.

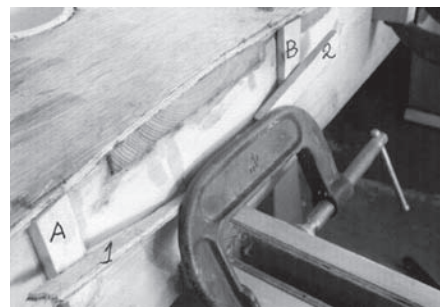
Painting will emphasize the rule that you must always clean up epoxy drips and runs as you go along. Once they are hard, they're hard to get rid of. Keep the deck and interior a low reflectance color unless you always wear sunglasses.

Things are looking good. Time to start thinking about a launch party. I didn't make Labor Day, but look for the next installment to feature a shot of her sailing.



4. Gluing deck. Clamps where possible, lots of weight elsewhere. Installing the outwales first paid off.

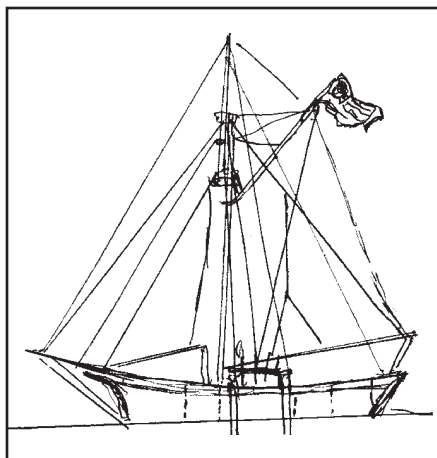
5. A clamping challenge. The coaming supports A, B are held in place by sticks 1, 2 jammed under the C-clamp. I could have screwed them on but this is faster and more elegant.



Morning Bell

A 6' Friendship Sloop
Designed to Navigate Safely
in Any Octogenerian's Garden

By Neal Small
(Age 87)



Within the last year I noted an inquiry by a reader pondering the ideal design for an 85-year-old sailor. Pushing my spirit to "do good" in the world, I enclose design and construction specifications along with photos for a safe and, I hope, satisfying boat. This pilot model will be improved next year, but the diagrams and specs show the potentialities.



With a design of this nature, the owner/builder will necessarily alter dimensions and contours to fit stock on hand for at least the first pilot model. Stability and seaworthiness will not be affected. A word of caution, the cap of the topmast should be safely accessible from the second step of a stepladder.

Fastenings, however, should be of top quality since contact with soil can be as severe a service as contact with salt water. All fastenings should be of manganese phosphor bronze 'gronulite,' the new alloy developed by the talented Belgian metallurgist Werd

Eigenrac, who claims his process of adding titanium and aluminum produces the strongest and lightest bronze ever made.

If the foregoing is of any solace to a fellow anchor-swallower or helps relieve indigestion from a rusty anchor, I will consider the design a success.

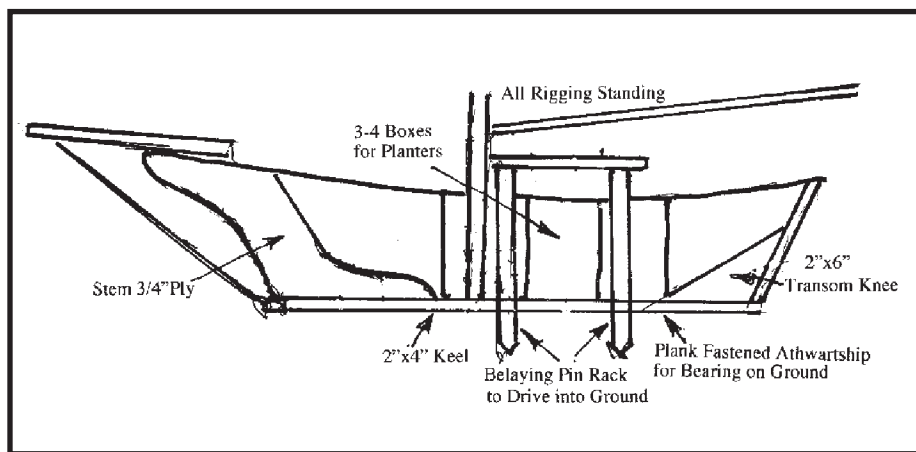
Specifications

(All Flexible to Builder's Wishes)

LOA: 6'

Beam: 3'

Transom Width: 30"



In previous articles in *MAIB* (February, March, April 2010) I attempted to describe the new twinsail rig I've been working on for small boat sailing, and how it functions on my Hobie Sport kayak. After two years of work, the basic system has most of the details resolved and is delivering a lot of enjoyable sailing in a wide variety of wind conditions. My plan was (and still is) to take it around more locally, visit some sailing locations on San Francisco Bay and the coast, and get some nautical miles on it. Fortunately or unfortunately, however, once something begins to look like it's working fairly well, I start thinking about the next iteration or possibility. There's always an interesting question to try to answer.

So in between some local sailing, I decided to move on to something I've had in mind for the rig design for some time, to try putting it on a real planing hull. The Hobie, since it's designed to be a good tracking kayak, has some keel shape and this digs in and prevents planing. That, in turn, limits the hull speed to the displacement limit for its length or a little beyond, which is about 5kts. I could put larger and more efficient sails on it, and it would never go significantly faster, just push a bigger bow wave and dig a deeper hole. I found myself hankering for a little more forward velocity.

The subject of hull shapes and planing is one I always find interesting, and discussions about them, particularly if lubricated by successive rounds of beer, can get cantankerous and sometimes humorous. In one such sharing of the minds among a couple of engineers and windsurfers, someone made the claim that any shape will plane (even a Hobie kayak) if fired with enough velocity nearly parallel to the water. "It's only an energy problem." At which point my brother-in-law piped up and made the claim that he personally had planed while windsurfing. Not his board planing, but he himself.

Do you remember the scene in *Cool Hand Luke* where Paul Newman quietly says, "I can eat 50 eggs." Well, there was lots of animated discussion about my brother-in-law's claim (no cash bets though). He said he was off Coyote Point in 25kts gusting 30kts on a sinker board, wave jumping in the

To Plane or Not to Plane

By Steve Curtiss
curtoid@sbcglobal.net

chop. He was on a broad reach and figured he and the board were going about 20-25kts. At that point, as we all have done at times in our sailing lives, he zigged when he should have zagged and it quickly became obvious that he and the rig were going to part company quite soon.

So he let go of the boom, fell away from the board, and tucked into the fetal position with his back downward. He hit the water once, got barely airborne again, then hit a second time, mushed a bit and settled in. Like throwing flat rocks at the lake (or firing a Hobie from a rocket launcher parallel to the water) he had succeeded in briefly planing. So he more or less won his bet that he personally had planed (and all without the heavy vomiting and other exciting gastrointestinal events that would most likely have accompanied eating 50 eggs.)

I have since met one other fellow who claims to have personally planed while windsurfing, and given that this guy was stretching up a huge 10.5 meter sail with near maniacal energy so as not to miss the heavy breeze coming up as he told his story, I have to assume he was crazy enough to be telling the truth.

So bottom line is planing can be done with huge amounts of energy and a bad hull shape, or smaller more practical amounts of energy and a good "planing shape" on the hull bottom. I was hoping to plane with the quite modest sail area and drive forces of the twinsail rig, so I figured I needed an efficient shape. Exactly what the best planing shape is can be a confusing subject. Many knowledgeable racing sailboat people say that the best planing shape is similar to the underside of a 505; the hull curve gradually goes nearly flat, but not quite, keeping some slight convex bulge and has an abrupt edge at the stern/transom.

A lot of windsurfer people and manufacturers say the best planing shape is a nearly flat or double concave underside, leading back to a variety of tail layouts, some abrupt cuts, some rounded or tapered. I had the experience some years ago of discussing planing shapes with a windsurfer board builder in Santa Cruz and drawing on paper for him a 505-like hull cross section with a flat deck and a curved underside. He looked at it and turned it upside down to show a planing windsurfer design, with the bottom virtually flat and the upper side curved.

And, of course, we need to ignore catamaran and trimaran hull shapes in all of this or we'll really get confused, since they go like gangbusters and are neither official planing shapes nor apparently limited by the displacement rules. Why that is I don't know, but it probably has to do with the huge amount of sail force that a cat or tri can handle due its width. They can act more like a rocket launcher. Maybe after a few beers we could get a better handle on it.

To get a planing hull the quickest way, I decided to take a look at all the easily available (read cheap) hull designs I could find for sale used and see if one of these would work

for my experiments. Kayak hulls with smooth planing type undersides seemed to be divided into two camps, long narrow sea kayaks, and short whitewater/wave boats. Although a sea kayak would be a fun experiment where the length and sleek design would add speed, the narrowness and requirement for leeboards would add possible complications and distractions I wasn't ready to take up yet. I had been spoiled with the Hobie daggerboard slot. (I'm hoping that another brave soul will be interested enough in the twinsail idea to try this and I can read the results.) The whitewater boats didn't have the right shape or enough volume and would also require leeboards.

I looked at stand-up paddleboards for a while, they're all the rage now but they usually don't have a daggerboard slot either and tend to be long and narrow with very little rocker. Not encouraging. A lot of small sailboat hulls don't seem to be shaped to really plane, although some get very close, and they are significantly heavier and larger than I had been used to with the kayak. I know people say that many small boats can plane in really breezy downwind conditions, but I think the actual term there is "plow," since a large amount of water is still being moved out of the way of the boat and the ratio of hull speed to wind speed is still way lower than craft that fully plane.

Finally, I took a look at fatboard windsurfer hulls. They have a daggerboard slot, sufficient width and volume, but no fixed mast mount or rudder. I could see advantages in the full planing shape, but problems with adapting a fixed mast system and tiller controls. And I have learned something the hard way with other sailboat experiments conducted on things that looked like windsurfer hulls, if I build something out of a windsurfer hull and go to places where they hang out to sail, to that audience my setup will always look heavier, slower, and more complicated than theirs (but with luck, to a sailboat audience it will look smaller, lighter, and faster than the average sailboat). As I was mulling this all over, the local windsurfing school had a sale and offered a couple of their heavily used HiFly Primo 240 liter trainer boards. I arrived early and voila! I purchased one for a modest fee. My wife wasn't too enthused about another hull around the garage, but that was to be expected. You have to break some eggs to make an omelet. Ooo yuck. I shouldn't be talking about eggs again.

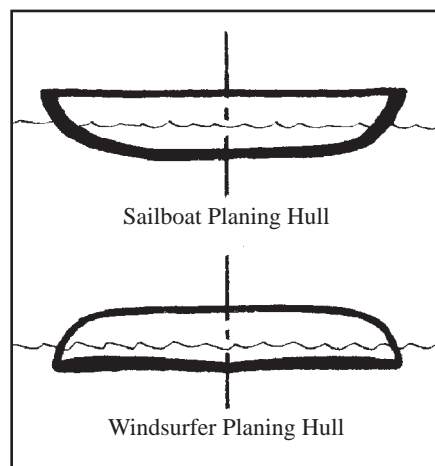
Now to somehow get the twinsail system on the windsurfer hull.

(To Be Continued)

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Starcraft and Waterbug

By Steve Salley

The 1949 Hudson came with a ball hitch. Not official, but a sturdy businesslike affair welded to the unit body sometime in the 23 years before I found the car in Chatham on Cape Cod. In 1973, after my father sold the Buick, we began using the Hudson to launch the family skiff, a 14' aluminum Starcraft, into Cape Cod Bay. Dad, who was a lake fisherman, liked the Star Craft because with its tumble home at the stern it reminded him of the runabouts in Minnesota. The Starcraft was next to new in 1962 and came with an 18hp Johnson outboard that lasted well into the '70s when it went to a clammer's work skiff.

The Starcraft is of more substantial construction than boats with that name plate today. It is heavily riveted with a solid plywood floor that has stood the test of time. It is not light. We started with a mooring and the 50lb mushroom is still in the cottage cellar. In the 1950s and '60s the harbor was mostly small boats because of the shallow entrance that still sands in regularly. Today it is all a big deal with annual dredging and expensive, very powerful yachts. Everything is slips and, at 14', ours is the smallest boat on one.

Then, as now, launching for the Starcraft was seasonal. We would hitch up to the Hudson and go down the street to the ramp in May and November. Hudson automobiles have big, inline, six-cylinder engines with plenty of power for towing. The long wheelbase, small rear window, and lack of power steering make backing down the ramp difficult. A long-tongue trailer keeps the car away from the water, but makes backing even more difficult. So do radial tires. They are great for road holding, but hard to turn in a parking lot. These cars came with a good heater to cope with the November 1 haulout that was often accomplished in sleet.

Intensive towing and launching work started in 1995. That summer I found a Waterbug frostbiting dinghy rotting under a big maple tree on a quiet lane. These are shovel-bow 12-footers built of plywood on oak by Graves of Marblehead in the 1950s. With a good chunk of lead in the centerboard, they are not light either. I later learned from a charter member of the Hudson, Essex and Terraplane club, Mike Ellwell, an indefatigable boater in his own right, that he had been a participant in a joint group of Beverly and Marblehead yachtsmen who designed the Waterbug for off-season amusement.

When I had the Waterbug patched up, I tried to launch it at the ramp as usual. I was maneuvering when the harbor master approached. "You planning to sail out of here?" he asked. I said I hoped so since I had learned to sail in the harbor when I was nine. "Well, you can't" he said, turning away from the whole rig. In the intervening 40 years a rule had been instituted requiring mechanical propulsion in the inner harbor.

For that first trial of the Waterbug, I drove around to the far side outer ramp where I could launch and sail out. I had a great time, I stayed out until dark. When I pulled out, I was so excited I forgot to strap the boat to the trailer. The Hudson yanked the trailer out from under the little boat and left it lying on



the pavement. "Gee mister, you need help?" A guy out walking his dog helped me reload the Waterbug.

Trailing around on Cape Cod, I became familiar with ramps into Cape Cod Bay: Sesuit Harbor at Paines Creek, Rock Harbor and Wellfleet Harbor, Town Cove in Orleans, Little Pleasant Bay at Packet Landing or Pawwah Pond. Most ramps, especially on the bay side, have a 9'-10' tidal range so total immersion of the Hudson is possible. Each ramp has its own personality made up of topography, boaters, and an audience that changes with weather and tide. Low tide on a squally August afternoon in Wellfleet is an exciting scene.

Many of the smaller Cape ramps have sharp drops at the far end of the paving caused by blowouts when big outboards are driven onto trailers. Coming back to the Cove Road ramp in Orleans at low tide late on a starry night after a sail in Nauset Harbor, I hooked a trailer wheel off the edge and before I knew it the Hudson exhaust was blowing bubbles. I had to unhitch the trailer to get the car up the ramp and then retrieve the Waterbug and trailer by making the winch line fast to the ball at the bumper and cranking everything back up the ramp. I believe this method is well known to many readers. That evening I met some folks who came down to the parking lot with takeout pizza that they shared

with me. We became good friends and have gone on many boating adventures since.

Venturing farther south on Pleasant Bay, I set out with the Waterbug behind the Hudson to try Round Cove in Harwich. Partway down Rte 28 the rusty trailer axle broke in half. After considering the alternatives, I dragged the whole mess half a mile to the home of a friend in Brewster who was kind enough to let me effect the repair in his front yard.

With experience I have my routine for each ramp. Still, it is a notable occasion to launch and retrieve without an error. The appearance of calm competence must be maintained. Putting my shoulders to work turning the Hudson's big ivory steering wheel, I smoothly maneuver into position. I set the parking brake with authority (so the engine can run). I unstrap the boat and remove the pin at the trailer break. I see the whole rig begin a slow roll to the water. With quick and deft precision, I manage to jam my 6"x6" wood block behind a tire at the last instant. An old man on the parking lot bench gives approval, "nice save fella!"

The years have gone by. Nowadays I usually use the late model station wagon with power steering and a Draw-Tite hitch, but my backing up ability is as bad as ever. My brother and I still observe the annual loading, towing and launching of the Starcraft and I like to use the Hudson then.

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Albert Strange was an artist best known to the world as a boat designer. W.P. Stevens wrote about him in *Field and Stream*, preserved many of his design drawings (now available from Mystic Seaport Museum), and was especially enthusiastic about the canoe yawl and the stern sections as Albert Strange drew them.

As a teen, Albert Strange sailed out of the Thames Estuary in an old fisherman's shrimper and on large yachts, with the fisherman going as pilot. With his fisherman friend, Albert salvaged an old Peterboat, a double-ended, lapstrake, spritsail-rigged fishing boat that he fit out for cruising.

Studying at the Slade School of Art, he got his Masters Certificate. He also studied at the Leicester College of Arts and Crafts until 1878. At age 25, he got a job teaching art in Liverpool. After three years in Liverpool, in 1882, and now married, he got the job he held for the rest of his life as Director of the Scarborough Art School in Yorkshire, north of the Humber River.

Widespread interest in small boat cruising developed after the 1866 publication of John MacGregor's *A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe*, and canoe clubs sprouted thereafter. The Humber Yawl Club was founded in 1883, the year Albert Strange had his first design built for himself, *Cherub*, a double-centerplate cutter, 21'x7'3", the drawings of which have since been lost. Sailing out of Scarborough and getting to know the waters and boats in the vicinity, he also got to know George Holmes who introduced him to the Humber Yawl Club in 1891. Strange often sailed with him, around Britain, and in North Sea and Baltic European waters.

The design of a typical Humber canoe yawl was drawn in 1891, the year Albert joined the club, and is his Design #4, a "Single-Hand Cruiser," 16' on the waterline, 18' on deck, with a hinged cabin top typical for the small cruisers of the time.

Three years later, Albert designed the 22' *Cherub II* for himself, similar in concept but differing in many ways, with an outboard mounted rudder, a more built-down hull, lead ballast inside and out, and the mizzen stepped well aft to starboard of center, requiring boomkin and curved tiller. With her fully-battened lug main and batwing gunter mizzen, *Cherub II* was an altogether

Sheila under sail.



The Small Yachts of Albert Strange

By Thad Danielson



Albert Strange, an elder statesman of yacht design, helms his *Cherub III* design.

more powerful vessel. This boat was double-planked, with calico between the diagonal inner and fore-and-aft outer skins on longitudinal stringers.

Albert kept *Cherub II* for four years, writing a few articles published in the *Yachting Monthly*, under his moniker "Cherub," about cruises in the boat that he described as his "most beloved."

In 1895, he designed the Humber Canoe Yawl that incorporated design features of the earlier Humber type, as well as those seen in *Cherub II*. Three years later, *Otter* (Design #40) added a trunk cabin to a canoe yawl much like the previous designs. At 24'9"x7'8", this is a bigger boat. With size and cabin space, *Otter* offered significantly more comfort and capability. She carried 1050lbs of iron outside on the keel against the 600lbs shown on the earlier design.

So far, Albert's designs were all double-ender centerboard boats, but a progression was becoming clear: most of the Strange designs, after the turn of the 20th century, were keel boats, with counter and transom stern boats among the canoe types.

In 1903, Albert drew Design #70, *Sheila*, for his friend and fellow artist Robert

Groves. Drawn as a 25'x6'9" sloop, she was originally rigged as a gaff topsail yawl, and is so now as the pictures show, though sailing without topsail in both these shots. The sail plan she had and has is very like that drawn in 1910 for another 25-footer, *Thorn*.

In 1898, Strange had drawn the full keel *Birdie*, a transom stern gaff cutter, but after *Sheila* (1905) more and more of his boats were full keel and outside-ballasted. Between 1888 and 1903, his design numbers indicate 69 designs, of which we have plans or details for only 14, and only *Birdie* having a fixed keel. Between 1903 and 1917, the design numbers total 94 with only 22 being centerboard types.

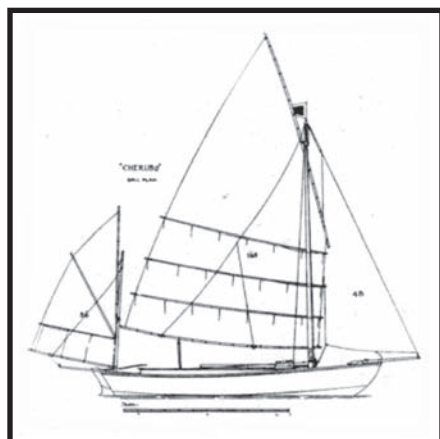
In 1911, Albert designed and had built *Cherub III* for himself, 28'6"x8'1"x3'9". She was designed with a ladies cabin to accommodate his wife, Julio. Unfortunately he was never to cruise this boat; a heart attack had left him weakened and his doctor advised him to sell the boat. This didn't stop him thinking or working at his art, boat design included. Most of these designs are still one or two person cruising boats, but there are a few daysailers and some significant larger vessels, like *Tern III* for Claud Worth and *Betty*, which, as *Tally Ho*, won the Fastnet race against an Alden schooner that was the only other boat to finish the stormy event.

With his doctor's permission, in 1914, Albert designed a transom cutter *Bee* for himself: a sweet design, 21'6" by 7'7", drawing 2'9". However, it was never built.

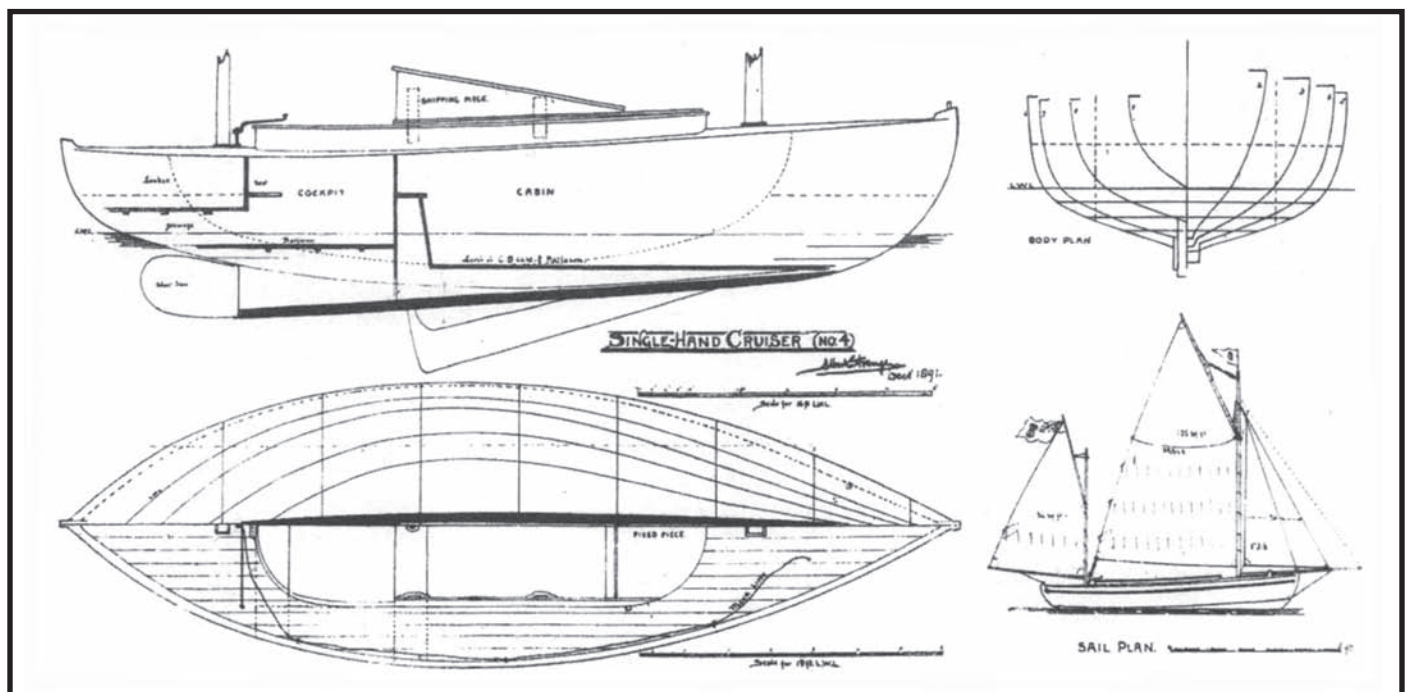
When Albert died in 1917, from influenza on top of his heart condition, he left the design for *Venture*, 29'1/2' x 7'1/4', incomplete on his board, with only lines and sail plan done. Four boats were built for the Suffling family based on this design between 1919 and 1937, all of which still exist. I don't know of any of the older centerplate boats still sailing but maybe 40 of his keel boats are still sailing. *WoodenBoat* commissioned Phil Bolger to draw construction plans for the 1899 *Wenda*, a keel centerplate design, leading to at least half-dozen new Strange boats of this type. A new *Cloud*, a 39' gaff yawl, is being built in England now. With the hundred or so plans available of Albert Strange designs, we can hope to see more of these beautiful sailing boats cruising our coasts for years to come.



Editor Comments: This article first appeared in the Summer 2010 issue of the Ash Breeze, journal of the Traditional Small Craft Association. Thad operates Redd's Pond Boatworks in Marblehead, Massachusetts, where he builds, restores and repairs traditional wooden boats. He is the North American secretary of the Albert Strange Association (UK). He sails a Strange yawl, Sea Harmony.



Bottom of page: Single Handed Cruiser

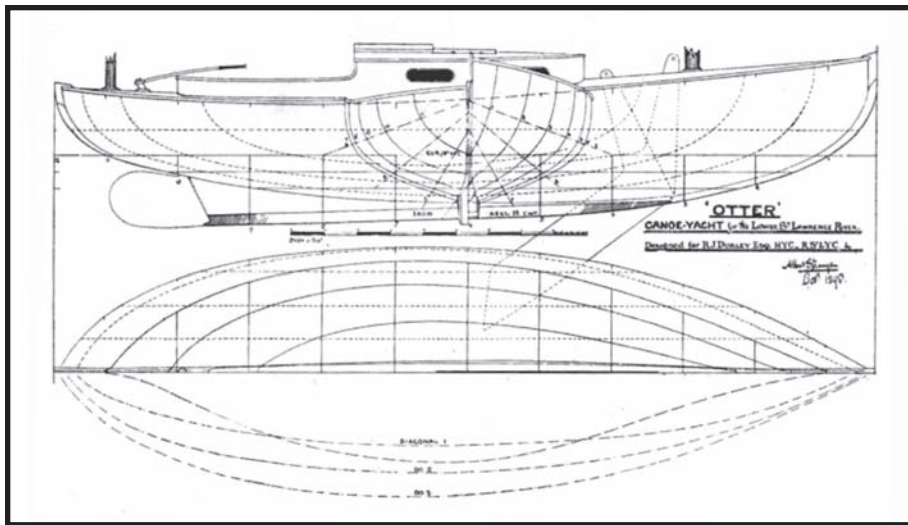
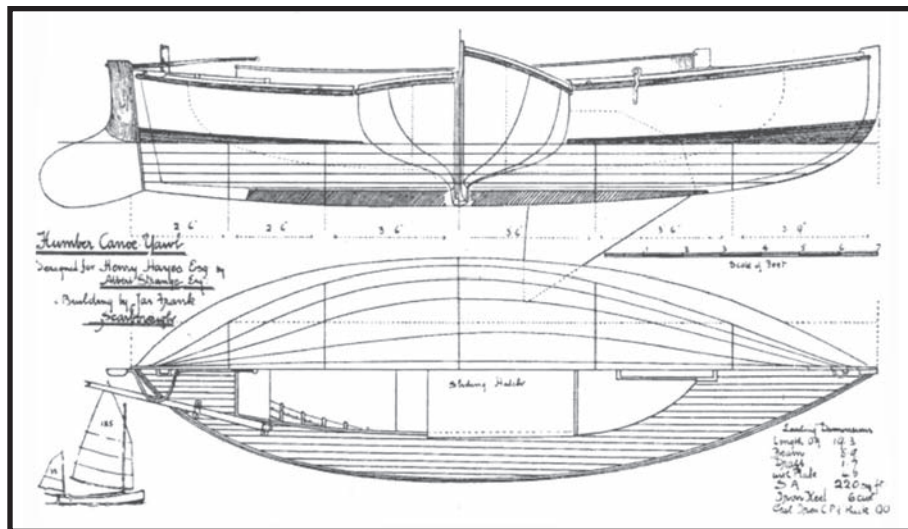


Per Mare Per Flumen Since 1883
 Edited from a Review on the Albert Strange
 Association Website www.albertstrange.org



This is an excellent little history of only 90 pages in which Tony Watts tells the story of a club that was, and was then, acknowledged to be the engine of the development of the small cruising yacht. John “Rob-Roy” MacGregor is there portrayed as the extraordinary philanthropist he was, instrumental at the birth of a sport that became the pass-time and holidays of the rapidly rising working class who took over the business of “Yachting” to turn it into an activity for all, the realization of MacGregor’s philanthropic vision.

Holmes is there, Albert Strange is there, "Our Albert" at centre stage, as indeed he was at the HYC in his day, but these are by no means all, for this is the story of the extraordinary enthusiasm of a steadily expanding group of people whose desire was to enjoy the delights of the business of sailing small boats from which they could make a better cruising yacht. There is the transatlantic connection with a considerable biography of W.P. Stevens and how he fits into the HYC story with his proselytising of canoeing, HYC style, in America through the very considerable correspondence between Stevens, Strange, and Holmes. The essence of all this work is the business of cruising; races are fun, but the real "improving of the breed" lies in members' designs that have to satisfy their



cruising criteria; camping, having holidays, enjoying the business of sailing is what it was all about; in an age of racing the HYC's focus was almost unique.

This history chronicles the ideas and designs of its highly innovative members in creating for themselves the larger “proper” yachts of their later years; despite a number of these being kept around the globe members’ hearts all lie within the muddy waters of the Humber that started them off on the business of real boat sailing. The Humber soon makes anyone look the fool if they do not treat it with the greatest respect and competence.

Albert Strange was central to its early years as it was to his; neither would have been what they became without the other. We owe our beautiful yachts, and the place they hold in yachting's pantheon, to the meeting of the tiny bunch of men who created the Humber Yawl to grow the seeds of a great man's vision to its triumphant conclusion.



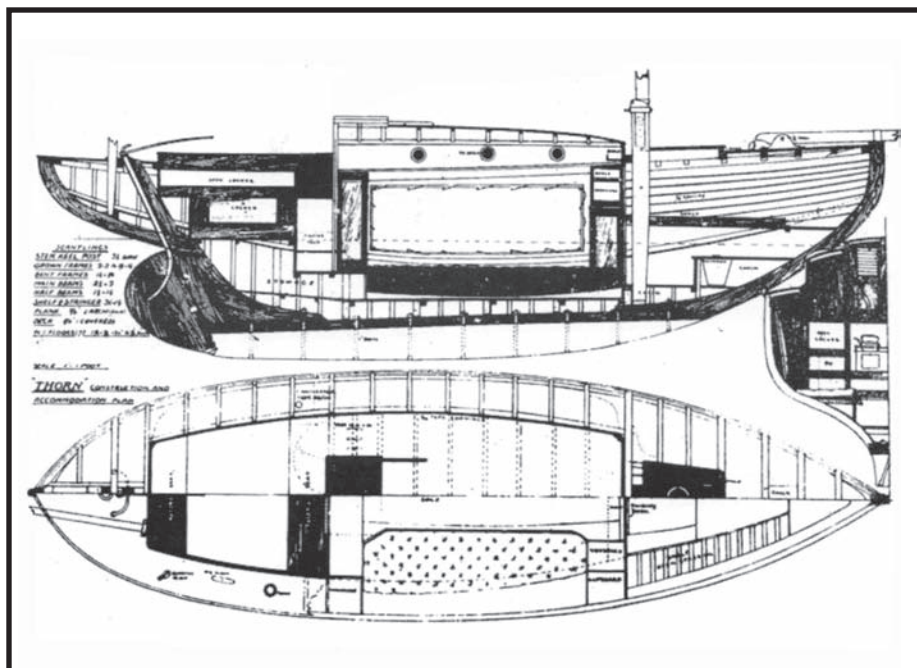
**ALBERT
STRANGE**
ON
YACHT DESIGN
CONSTRUCTION
AND CRUISING

by Albert Strange and John H. H. H. H.
• with illustrations by Albert Strange •

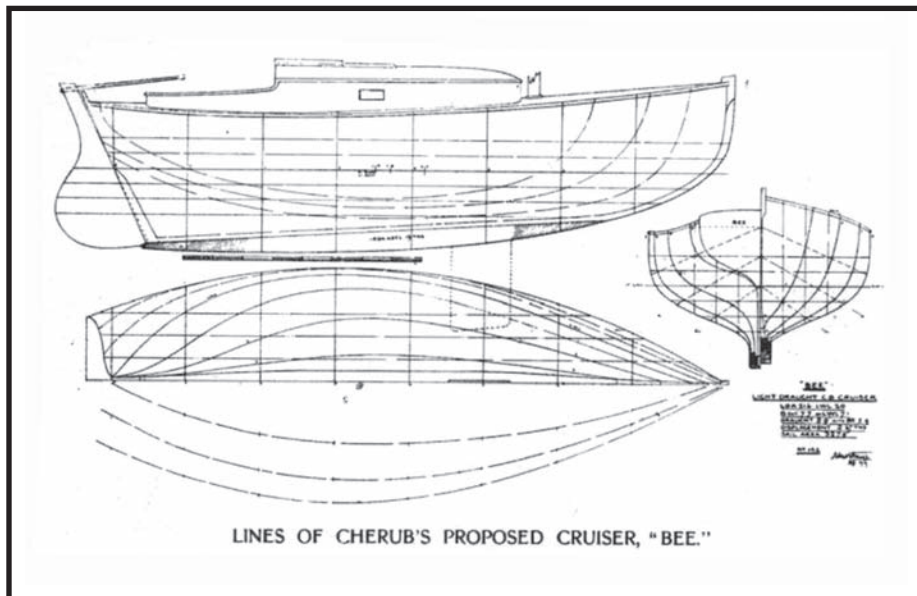
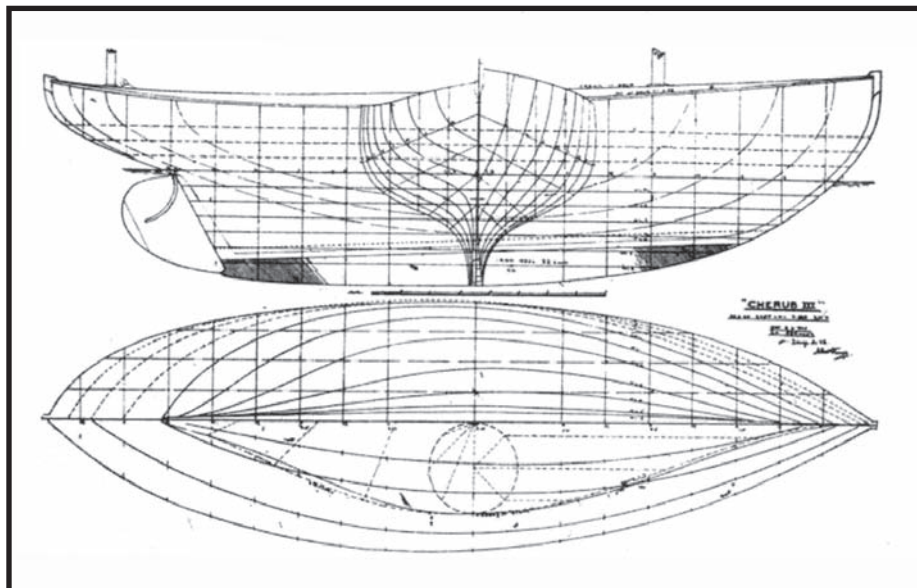


Above & top right: *Thorn*.

Middle: *Cherub III*.



Bottom: *Bee*.





Glen Simmons builds “glade skiffs,” the traditional flat-bottomed boats once used to negotiate the shallow waters of the Everglades’ sawgrass marshes and mangrove swamps. Before motor driven airboats became popular (and prior to the establishment of Everglades National Park in 1947), locals used these skiffs to reach the fishing and hunting camps that were scattered throughout the region.

Born in 1916, Simmons has spent much of his life in the glades, alone or with other gladesmen, hunting alligators, deer, and turtles, as well as fishing. His family, like most poor farmers and settlers in the region, lived “from hand to mouth” during the depression years that followed South Florida’s land boom collapse in 1926. For these people, survival often depended on what could be reaped from the rich bounty of the Everglades, for the glades provided meat and fish as well as pelts and hides that could be sold or traded. And the glade skiff represented a crucial component of this lifestyle.

Simmons’s glade skiff is designed to measure 16’ to 18’ long and just over 2’ wide, with a flat bottom that enables it to be poled through very shallow water. The bow is

Glen Simmons Glade Skiffs

By Laura Ogden
(From Dave Lucas Email)

pointed, allowing the skilled poler to ease the boat through dense sawgrass thickets with relatively little effort. The stern is square and affects a slight uplift, which allows it to be pushed backward when the poler finds himself mired in a tight spot. The poler usually stands toward the middle of the boat, or on a poling platform, and slowly pushes the boat through the glades while scanning the horizon for game and alligator holes.

Early skiffs, made with cypress planks and sixpenny nails, were stiffer and heavier than the ones Simmons currently builds out of marine plywood. Using a single piece of plywood for the bow and bottom, he painstakingly manipulates the wood by splitting it and soaking it in water. He then uses clamps to bend the wood until it buckles up and meets, thereby forming the skiff’s unique pointed bow. The bow is held together with

pieces of copper wire. Simmons fashions the boat’s gunwales and transom out of cypress or redwood planks. Finally, he finishes the boat with a fiberglass resin.

Since the age of 12, Simmons has built these wooden boats to hunt and fish in the Everglades. He explains how he began constructing the boats, “When you’re growing up in a country and see all the men with glade skiffs, you knew you wanted to build one. They were a simple boat, just wedge shaped. But you took pride in the way they looked.” Simmons has been recognized by the Florida Department of State’s Folklife Program as one of the last glade skiff builders in the region.

Dave Lucas Comments: The guys with the “new” stand up while you paddle surfboard looking things thought they had something new. Maybe the grass helped the gator hunters stay upright when they had a load of gator hides. I’d like to try one of these. I see that the plans for these boats are in Simmons’ book: *Gladesmen: Gator Hunters, Moonshiners, and Skiffers, Edition 1*, by Glen Simmons^a & Laura Ogden.

<http://www.microskiff.com/cgi-bin/yabb2/YaBB.pl?num=1273334574/4>



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After having worked my way up from dinghy sailing to cruising around San Francisco Bay in a Bristol 19, I began to feel the latter was too much boat for my needs, even though I much preferred overnight trips to day sails. So I built a Folbot type kayak, a fat, almost flat bottomed two person plywood kayak equipped with a sail rig. I felt much better doodling around in this boat, it was wooden, had no dock fees, gave me some exercise, and was quite comfortable to sleep in.

I then got the idea that if I expanded this boat's shape, I could have a craft capable of sleeping an adult in each end, a self-bailing cockpit, a steel centerboard to make it self-righting, and it could still be light and narrow enough to be effectively propelled by a sliding seat rowing rig in a calm.

Perhaps the most unusual aspect of my design is that, since I had no design experience, I chose not to finalize every dimension on paper, but rather to experiment with the shape as I went along. The sides of the boat are 24' long with a constant height of 20". To get a fore and aft bottom rocker, I angled the sides about 12° away from the perpendicular to the bottom.

After fastening the bow and stern together, I experimented propping them apart to various dimensions until they looked good. In my original plan the boat was double-ended with the aft end more severely angled than the front to give adequate floor length for sleeping in the aft compartment. I soon realized this caused the lines to look "pinched-in" at the stern. Fortunately, a friend who stopped by suggested changing the stern to a V-shaped transom so the sides could maintain a consistent angle with the bottom. I cut off the last 2" of the boat, did as he suggested, and was pleased with the results. Aside from this change, construction went about as I had planned, although more slowly and expensively.

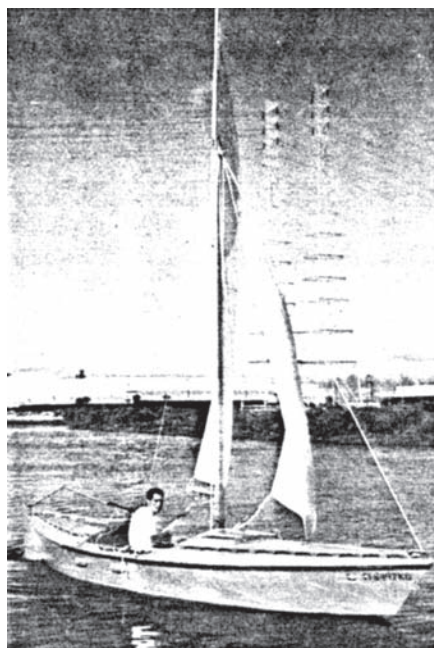
One of the rather unusual aspects of this design is the homemade wooden winch that lifts the 110lb pivoted steel centerboard up by its bottom aft end. The wire may cause a bit of drag but it does make a rather amusing hum, which rises in pitch as the speed increases. Another is that the area under the cockpit is accessible only from inside the sleeping compartments via remove able watertight hatches. The cockpit is drained by two holes on either side covered on the outside with half sections of hollow rubber boat fenders epoxied in place. The fenders keep water from sloshing into the drain holes.

I chose to use a gunter rig to keep the mast low and pivotable at sea. I have a small main that sets just to the top of the mainmast that I think will be used much of the time in our strong summer winds. Both the staysail and the jib are set flying so I don't have to climb out on the deck to change them.

I've been out on four overnight trips so far with this boat, including one up and down the Bay, 30 miles each way. The boat seems to row about as fast as my slow kayak, though into a stiff breeze it's harder, added wind resistance, I suppose. I did manage to row in a protected channel a few hundred yards against 25kt winds. I'm quite pleased with the sailing characteristics, the boat accelerates quickly, balances well, and seems quite stable. She doesn't seem to point quite as high as she would with a high aspect marconi rig, but then I do appreciate the alternatives the gunter rig provides, easy mast stepping and an efficient strong wind rig, trysail

She Seems to Fit

By Richard Damon



and staysail. For me the sleeping areas are not claustrophobic, but rather cozy.

I think I'm going to have a long, happy relationship with this boat, it seems to fit my personality.

Author Comments: This article appeared in April 1989 in *MAIB*. Now 21 years later, my long happy relationship with this boat is coming to an end. Now that I am living over two hours from the ocean in central Massachusetts she has sat on her trailer for nigh on to ten years just getting the snow brushed off her winters. Maybe someone else should have the chance for a similar relationship.

She still seems solid and the sails are in good condition. She could use a coat of paint and some cleaning up. The trailer, though used to move her about ten miles recently has some issues. I'd be satisfied to get \$300 for her. Anyone interested can call me at (413) 549-3857.

Length: 23' 10"

Beam: 5'

Draft: 6" (board up); 4'6" (board down)

Weight: 600lbs

Sides and top of 1/4" plywood; bottom, bulkheads, cockpit floor of 1/2" plywood

Trysail: 45sf with one 50% reef

Mast pivots forward onto deck for rowing, can be left standing if windage is not a consideration

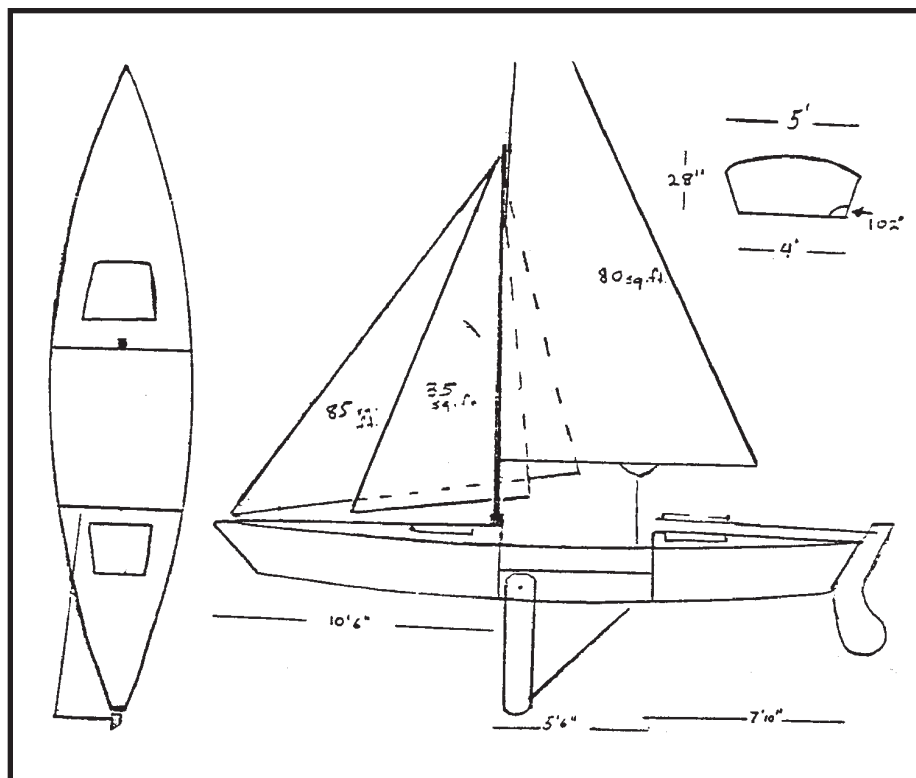
Oars, boom and gunter store in forward compartment, accessible through hatch in forward bulkhead

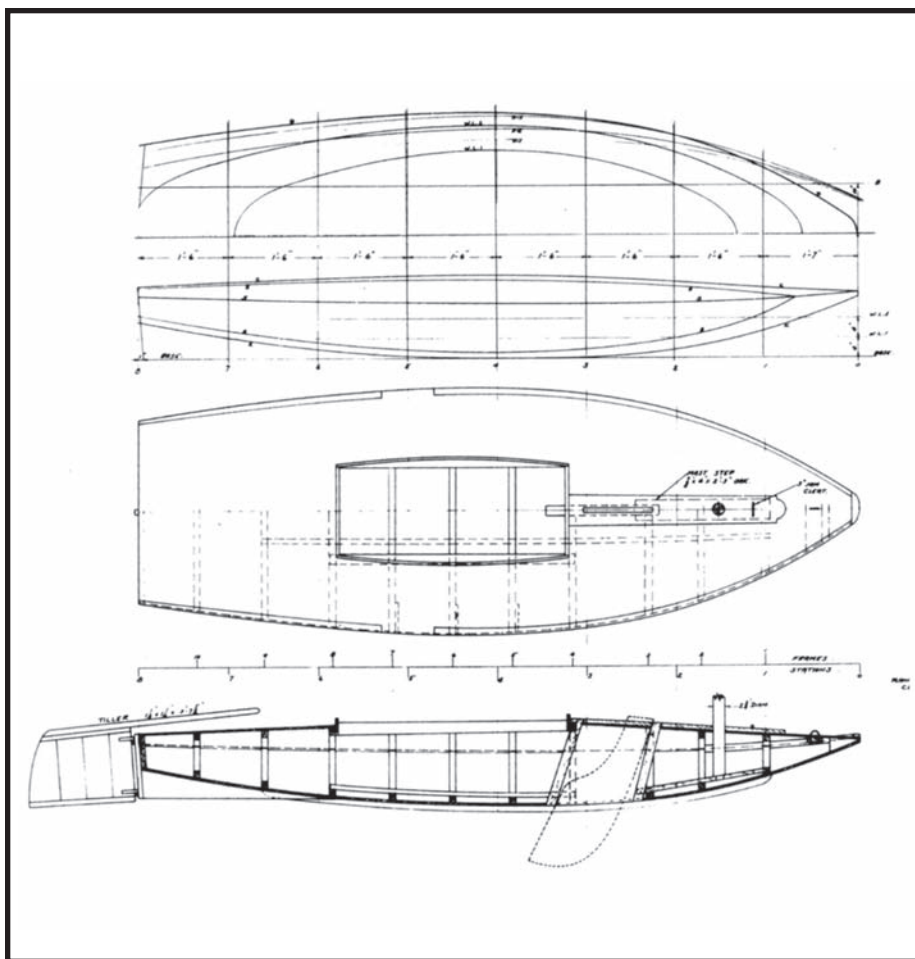
Oarlocks are shaped from 3/4" plywood, slide into slots in side decks of cockpit.

Cost of boat: Hull and rigging about \$1,000; sails, main, try and stay, \$900; trailer \$700

She took a year to build in spare time

A similar type of boat is offered for sale by Miller Boatworks, 180 N Esplanade Dr, Miami, FL 33166





12'1"x4'2" ca. 1910 Accession No. 1961.915 Catalog No. 7.57 Drawn by Edson I. Schock, *87 Boat Designs, A Catalog of Small Boat Plans* from Mystic Seaport, Benjamin A.G. Fuller.

Hard to believe, but cold weather is coming so it is not too soon to start thinking of a gunning boat indigenous to our own Barnegat Bay for that late fall gunning trip, if we can find 1,000' clear of a dwelling in our modern bay so we can legally discharge our weapon. These boats were the brainchild of one Capt Hazelton Seaman (what a name), a boat builder and expert shooter of wild fowl in 1836, he wanted a low boat he could cover with sedge and hide in the marshes of Barnegat and Little Egg Harbors. Capt Seaman called it a "devil's coffin" but the other baymen labeled it a "Sneakbox."

Nathaniel Bishop of Tom's River had one built and in 1876 sailed and rowed it

Barnegat Bay Sneakbox

By Mr. Cleat
Reprinted from *The Mainsheet*
Newsletter of the
Delaware River Chapter TSCA

from Pittsburgh to Cedar Key, Florida (to the Cedar Key meet, no doubt). His classic *Four Months in a Sneakbox* published in 1879 is still in print. It, in turn, encouraged one Christopher Cunningham (today editor of *Sea Kayaker* magazine) to replicate the feat in 1985, this time in a cold molded version.

The early boats had only 7" of freeboard and were only 12' to 14' long. Each had an opening in the deck about 2' wide and about 3' long, a removable hatch fit over the opening. Removable racks around the deck held the decoys. Rowlocks were hinged to lay flat when not in use. The bow overhang was about a foot, the transom plumb. Early boats were steered with an oar, later ones with yoke and tiller lines. The daggerboard was "scimitar shaped" as Chapelle called them. Sails were usually sprit rigged on short spars that could be hidden under the deck. Most were built by owners, boat builders being busy with fancier craft.

The lines of this boat were taken off by Edson Schock at Mystic Seaport of a boat build by Howard Perrine of Barnegat, New Jersey, about 1910. The bottom curves all come from one master curve, which simplifies construction. The keel is the center plank and the garboard curves up to meet the deck. The Mystic boat has grown crook frames, we would probably laminate them today and use plywood for the deck, particularly if we were going to sleep under it. The cruising boats, even in Bishop's time, were a little deeper than the hunting boats. John Gardner in his *Building Classic Small Craft* increases the beam on his 14' modern design by 6" to 5' which improves sailing performance. To see a Sneakbox under construction today visit the museum in Tuckerton, New Jersey. They usually have one under construction in their boat shop using Perrine patterns.

Gardner's boat is a modernization of a 14' Sneakbox design from a plate in W.P. Stevens' *Canoe and Boatbuilding*. Stevens was writing about the same time Nathaniel Bishop was traveling in his boat so the plate is probably pretty accurate. Stevens' book is still in print although some of the popular plates are missing; most popular were those of the Sneakbox

Other sources include *Mystic Seaport Watercraft* by Maynard Bray and in *87 Boat Designs* by Ben Fuller. Doug Alvord has a nice perspective drawing of *Centennial Republic* in his *Beach Cruising* book as well as helpful hints for this backpacking type of cruising. The most interesting sources, however, are two chapters in Edwin Schoettle's *Sailing Craft*, one chapter on the history of the type and one on "modern" racing in the 1920s. Schottle was the original owner of our familiar *Silent Maid* catboat; she is included in the chapter on catboats that Schottle wrote himself. There is one interesting photo in that chapter of two 28' catboats being chased by a 28' Sneakbox.

14' and 15' sneakboxes were raced in youth fleets. In 1905 it was decided a larger 20-footer was needed, it had no restriction on ballast fixed or movable and 500sf to 600sf of sail. In an ordinary full sail racing breeze, six men and about 18 sandbags made up crew and ballast. Heavy weather called for eight men and 35 30lb sandbags. It was quite a feat to come about and transfer all that ballast in 10 to 12 seconds on a 20' boat. Hope the water was warm.

These are interesting boats, seen with our Cape May contingent who still race them, and sometimes bring them to St Michaels. They have quite a history as well. If of interest, I can share some pages of Schoettle's book and Maynard Bray's *Watercraft* has a nice bibliography on page 62 including a 1962 *Beach Haven Times* article on the Perrine's of Barnegat Bay.



By-The-Sea

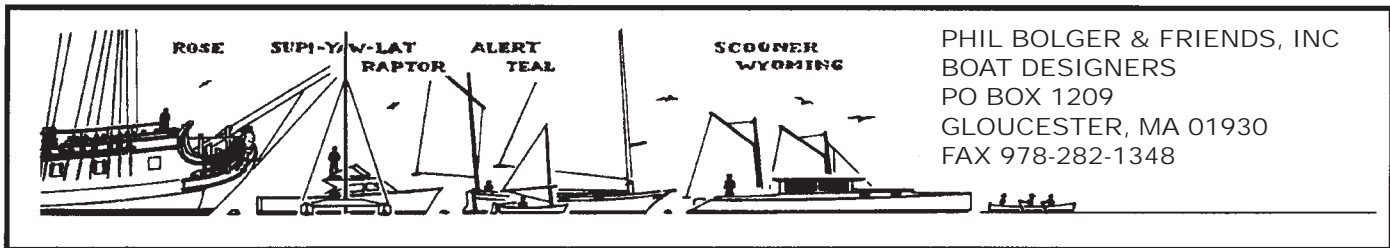
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Here is an example of how different spheres of work can very productively inform each other. Concurrent with each other, starting in the summer of 2002, much energy of Phil's last years was consumed both by work for the commercial fisheries and the US Navy. We both felt compelled to contribute to the search for solutions of mounting problems for the commercial fishing industry in Phil's homeport of Gloucester, Massachusetts, "America's Oldest Seaport" first settled in 1623. At the same time we have been approached by a planning division of the US Navy with a request to do what would turn out to be a series of Design Studies Reports, each emerging around a particular tactical scenario typically beginning with "how would you resolve by design the following challenge..." Volunteer work for Gloucester and paid work for the Navy, both ongoing, incidentally.

A client of Phil's had served aboard one of these Submarine Chasers, designed and built 300 units strong for coastal waters defense by 1917. They measured 110'x15'5"x150,000lbs and with 3x220hp from gasoline engines they were supposed to reach 16kts, but with combat load in service did between 12 and 14kts. WWI's demands to help the Allied war effort unexpectedly saw a total of 235 trans Atlantic crossings of the type on their own bottoms, typically assisted by tugs and needing refuelling along the way. Phil's client had commanded one of these and that experience on this narrow 7:1 length-to-beam ratio hull continues to offer useful lessons for the future of a low carbon inshore/offshore fishing fleet.

Any perusal of the 20th century history of fishing out of Gloucester will reveal that

Phil Bolger & Friends on Design

Messing About in Fisheries

Chapter 14

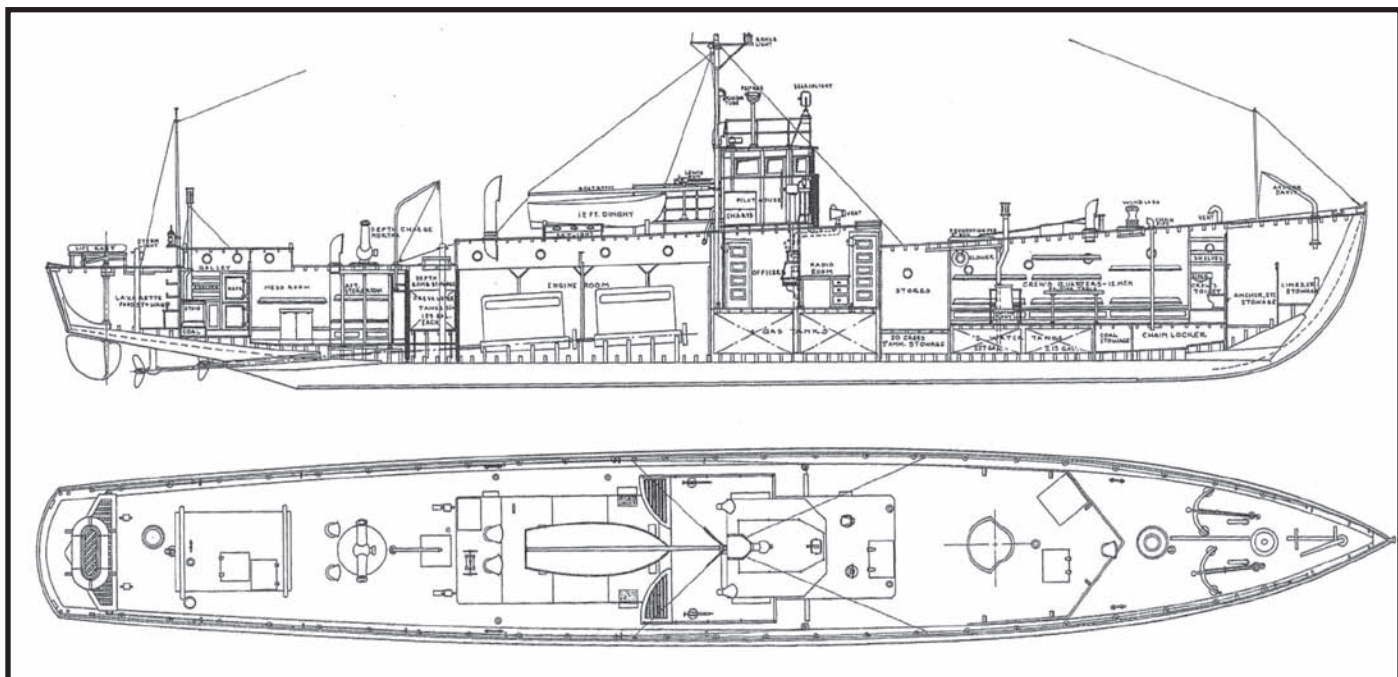
this type came to serve in that fishing fleet for decades. After the Navy began retiring the type, beyond de-militarizing it apparently stripped the hulls of the valuable engines as well, as they would have immediately found their way into rumrunners' boats during the Prohibition Era. So what was sold at auction were empty hulls, Atlantic and combat tested and apparently several dozens were snatched up for fishing duty.

Typically a single engine was installed with between 140hp and 165hp at around 400rpm, with Cooper-Bessemer and Atlas Imperial units leading choices, good for over 10kts. The fish hold would go where mid-ship fuel tanks and the two wing engines had been, with a house put aft over the engine and off they went fishing commercially year-round, including Eastern Rig side trawling, which means lifting the catch aboard over the side via mast, boom with lots of winch power. I am still looking for good reproduceable photos of them running, fishing and tied up. There may have been about a dozen of these

fishing out of Gloucester alone, routinely ranging out up to 70-80 nautical miles offshore in pursuit of a broad range of species.

Virginia-based flotillas would follow the coast northeast in pursuit of migrating species well past Cape Ann. There are still folks around the Gloucester waterfront who worked on these, with some hulls serving into the 1970s. Well into the 50s for age by then, many were on their third engines with some moving faster than most local vessels on up to 220hp via the single-screw. Without bow-thrusters or tug assist, these lean hulls routinely stuck their noses between the wharfs to unload the catch or take on ice on the way out. At rest, they'd be tying up alongside each other four, five, six deep with necessarily good neighborly manners and ready reflexes to let the middle one go out in a pinch. For one account of one fishing, look at Chapter 7 of Gloucester's Peter Prybot's *White-Tipped Orange Masts*, 1998, now in paperback from History Press.

By comparison our proposal presented earlier in *MAIB* under Chapter 10 of this series on the Fisheries Project, looks very moderate in its proportions and ambitions. And yet a number of fishermen referred to it as dangerously narrow type unfit for these waters around Gloucester. So, between Phil's client's personal record, Phil's and our interest in matters naval, there is a rich reference that lends empirical knowledge and conceptual credibility to our gospel of spreading out a given structural weight and cargo load across more length and less beam to allow powering with more modest engines for less fuel burn, all to respond to fuel cost increases. To recollect, between





summer of 2002 and today oil has gone from around \$25/barrel to around \$75, with sober minds projecting higher and more or less permanent levels. Incidentally that client was looking for and got a short round Marina-Queen with maximum accommodations for least length.

Between this unavoidable reality of energy cost increases alongside progressively limited access to the resource, socio-economic ravages are emerging out of a particularly destructive regimen of “advanced” regulations that began May 1, 2010. Deeply invested, our project to offer hardware-based survival strategies continues. Here is what, on September 10, 2010, the *New Bedford Standard Times* allowed me to put in its pages as the paper of record in America’s biggest-by-landed-value fishing port:

“Will it Be Consolidation or a Smart Fleet?”

Jay Lindsay’s and Richard Allen’s recent articles reflect serious realities along the New England working waterfronts. Lindsay examines mounting damage to fisheries/industrial ports from ill-conceived regulation. In contrast, Allen cites historic precedent as he proposes to accept this damage as de facto inevitable, even “rational”.

But with the fleet designed for at most \$1.20/gal, with decades of archaic federal regulations keeping it from evolving to match increasing operational costs, this industry is challenged by more than catch-shares and consolidation. Put bluntly: Who will be operating at \$5/gal? Under increasing energy cost and limited catch, the future of fishing will favor harbors with the shortest steaming distance to the resource, including the marginalized ones in Lindsay’s focus. And it is typically the myriad of mom and pop operations that are the most agile responding to weather, markets, and ecology.

Allen’s large vessel consolidated fleet, owned by a few, may claim textbook economies-of-scale but will soon exhaust local stocks. It is always penalized steaming longer distances from the few larger ports. And how flexible is it to shift gear and species?

Community socio-economics certainly favor lots of small-scale well-rooted

stakeholders over a few corporate employees. And why preserve a local working waterfront for a distant Board of Directors?

So, what if we were to accept these hard dictates of industry sustainability to pursue much greener, leaner, smart-sized vessels that offer most flexibility at least fuel-burn per pound? What if we were to leverage this “greener” White House, Federal ARRA funds, loan-guarantees and grants to upgrade fleet economics to match the resource of 2010, 2014, and beyond to preserve the number of operations and thus the industry’s political relevance, as we protect families and communities?

On “smart-sized” boats, those with 25,000lbs allocation of cod today should survive until full resource recovery. Those with 100,000lbs might retire their 250,000lbs steel bruiser. Some would shift from bottom trawl gear to much less resource and energy-intensive fishing methods to get their quota. Talk would shift from big engines to minimizing gallons per day, keeping that money circulating in the community. Instead of aiming for the big boat, dignity would grow out of securing economic viability of the family venture with a smart-sized craft fit for the early 21st century.

We know that any ecosystem based fisheries management approach only works if it consists of three elements to form a stable “Tripod of Commercial Fishing Industry Sustainability”:

- 1) Sustainable Resource Management, a quest long shouldered by science and industry;
- 2) Sustainable Fleet Structure and Operations, actually hampered by regulation;
- 3) Sustainable Port Infrastructure, vital, but typically not respected in regulation.

Predictably so, neither PEW’s and EDF’s field operatives, nor their websites back to Amendment 13 offer anything more than the fractured logic of their overfishing mantra, but no track record of any industry ecological vision. Thus it takes our elected political leadership, from mayors to congressmen, to help restructure the discussion towards true fishing industry sustainability. We need to share with NOAA Chief Dr Lubchenco that in 2010 she presides over a high-carbon fleet and regulatory legacy with-

out effective policies to address that dark spectacle. Under her governance, at \$5/gal seafood supply security will be at serious risk, as even imports will cost too much.

This reality cannot be in her interest. As a leading scientist with deep ecological sensibilities, she might rather resonate with the “Tripod of Sustainability” and take action.

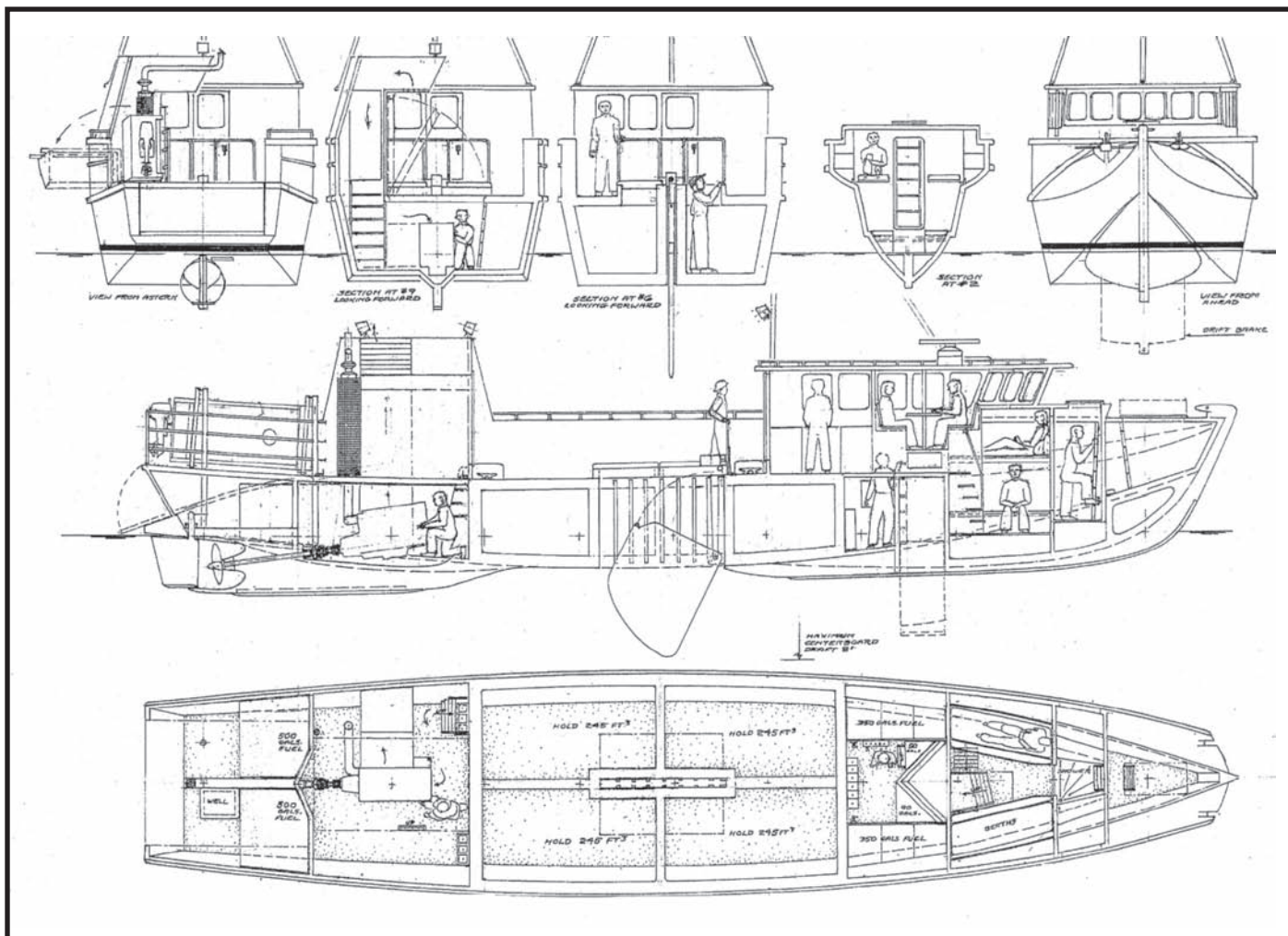
While the legalities of the “Catch-Share” system wind their way through the courts, Dr Lubchenco can be inspired to coordinate a pioneering 2010 Northeast Groundfish Fleet Greening Program. Federal legislation is on the books which, with key modifications, can support smart sizing of the fleet’s vessels, from re-establishing viability of fishermen with marginal allocations, all the way to future-proofing the whole small and large boat fleet against the projected ravages of increasing energy costs across all aspects of the industry.

In such industry reform, there would be a place for those few who really want to leave with dignity and a reasonable nest egg/bailout. But many now at risk might happily transfer their quota, fishing, communication, and navigation gear and ground tackle onto an advanced craft to stay in their profession supplying this nation with fresh caught seafood for as long as they can until their business is handed to an eager next generation.

Representing this progressive Administration, Dr Lubchenco can demonstrate her keen understanding of the industry’s ecology, protecting fishermen’s jobs now and future proofing the industry against projected energy cost escalations all as she protects the resource. We need our local, state, and federal political delegations to put this fleet greening option on the political agenda. Mayor Kirk, DMF Director Paul Diodati, Governor Deval Patrick, and Congressmen Tierney and Frank already understand the value of sustainable fishing craft.

Will we resign ourselves to accepting destructive “Consolidation” or will we push for a “Smart 21st Century Fleet”?

By late September 2010, there are quite encouraging developments in that direction, both in terms of policy and hardware, which will be reported on in future issues of *MAIB*.



BOAT ("Break Out Another Thousand"); such is not the case for most of us. We have adequate sized, affordable craft that take some maintenance and few new parts now and then. The joy of ownership is the reward of being on the water enjoying the environment. For some a boat is a way of life/living, while for others it is a time of relaxation. What brought the lead statement to mind are some friends who are cruising and had some mechanical problems with the propulsion system. By the time they were done they had replaced the dripless stuffing system, the shaft tube, the shaft, and the forward cutlass bearing. Oh, the joys of big vessel boating.

Small boats can also present problems and require repair. Our yacht club (Apalachee Bay Yacht Club) at Shell Point, Florida, has a diverse membership with a variety of skills. ABYC is affiliated with Apalachee Bay Community Sailing, which provides sailing lessons and introduces both youth and adults in the Tallahassee area to recreational sailing. ABYC also sponsors Boy Scout Troop 7 and Sea Scout Ship 1 as a service to the Wakulla County and Tallahassee region. Along the way, the club has been donated a number of boats in various condition of disrepair. The combined skills of the membership has rebuilt each boat and we have four in sailing condition for use by members of the Club, both scout groups, and the sailing school. If it is broke, someone in the Club

From the Lee Rail

By C. Henry Depew

knows how to fix it. Yes, sometimes we have to actually purchase gear or pay for repairs. But once again, someone in the group knows where to find the part at an affordable price. For us, BOAT means "Best of all Times."

In the October 2009 issue I wrote about the problems of matching copper pipe and rubber tubing measurements. Among my projects on our Sisu 26 is the removal of fuel lines since the main tanks are no longer being used. The removal of the lines and valves for the two internal tanks will create more space and allow me to reset the batteries and relocate some electrical wiring runs. I also plan to move the raw-water filter. While I working on this project, I learned the difference in sizes when comparing flare fittings with compression fittings.

For some of you, the difference is obvious. For me, it was a learning experience. As some of you know, a $\frac{3}{8}$ " flare fitting is not the same "size" as a $\frac{3}{8}$ " compression fitting. The flare fitting is too large for a compression connection or if you wish, a compression fitting is too small for a flare connection. The problem was getting a compression fit-

ting cap to seal the male end of a compression connection and a compression plug to seal the female end of another fitting to keep out dirt, bugs, etc. I found caps that would fit the male fitting, but no plug for the female fitting. In the end, I made "plugs" using a union piece and a cap for each place for which a plug was needed. At this point in my various boat projects, I now know that stainless is not always stainless, copper pipe and rubber hoses use a difference reference point for the size given, and there is a major difference between the physical size of a compression and a flare fitting.

Late in summer an airplane "mushed" into a mountainside in Alaska and among the dead was the pilot. The forced landing had not been gentle enough to save everyone on board, but it had been gentle enough to not activate the ELT that would have identified the location for those who went searching. Aircraft ELT devices are designed to not be triggered by a "hard landing" on a runway. Like marine ELTs, they have a manual activation button. But someone has to know where the ELT is located in the aircraft and how to manually activate the device. The same is true of an ELT device on a boat. Most are activated when they either get turned over, get wet, or both. They also have a manual activation button. So if your boat carries an ELT device, does everyone on your boat know where the device is located on the boat and how to manually activate it, if necessary?

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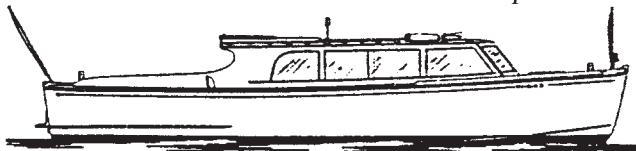
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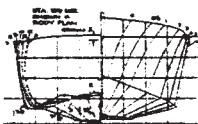
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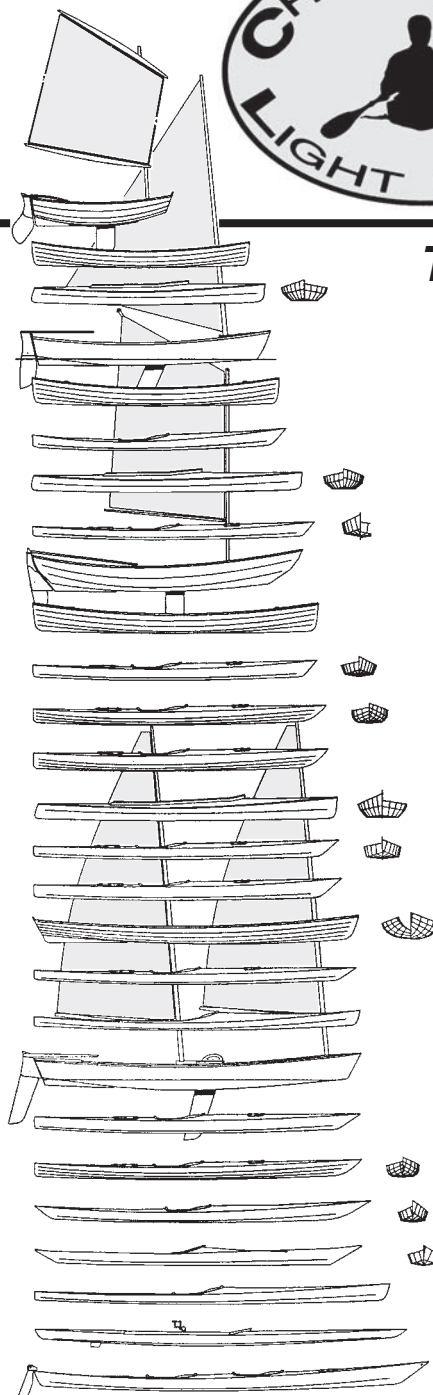
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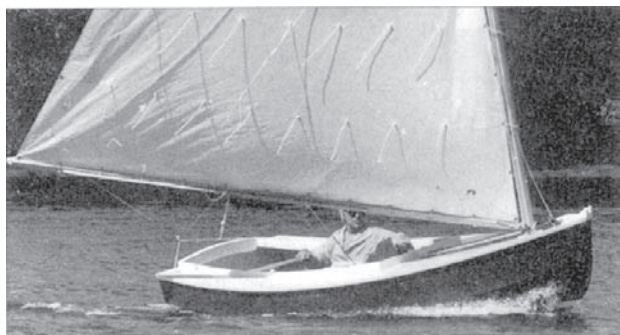
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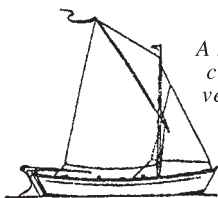
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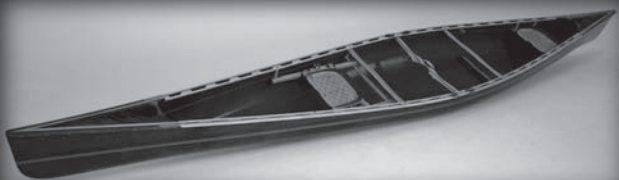
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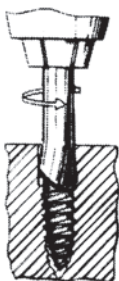
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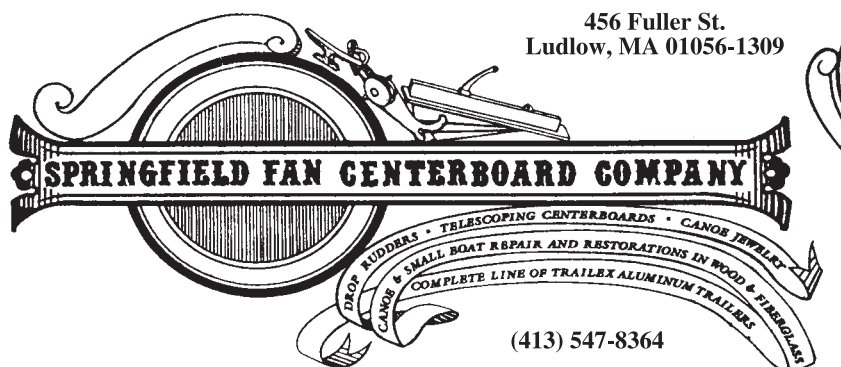
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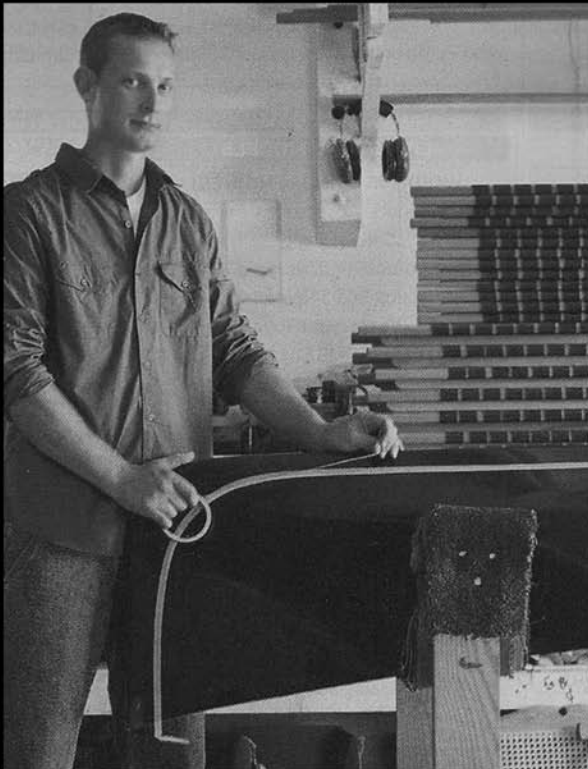
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2. APPLY THE SKIN COAT Martin lays a dry sheet of fiberglass over the mold. Next, he pours in a pigmented polyester resin and rolls it along the entire mold, using a paint roller and a small brush taped to a 2 foot stick to get the resin up into the stems. After the resin hardens overnight, Martin and his brother, Ian, scuff the surface with 60-grit paper.

3. LAMINATE THE KEVLAR Over the skin coat goes a full sheet of Kevlar and a layer of overlapping 50 inch fiberglass squares. That is followed by a second layer of Kevlar. The Martins use a corrugator to roll out the air between layers, then add a final sheet of fiberglass.

4. FINISH BUILD After adding the seat cleats and another layer of fiberglass over flotation tanks at each end, they apply a gel coat to the interior of the boat to keep the outside color uniform. "We have about 20 minutes to roll and paint the inside of the boat before it starts to cure on us," he says. Finally, the boat is removed from the mold, and decks and gunwales are added to give the boat structure.

Justin Martin never planned to build boats for a living. After high school he took a summer job working with his older brother, Randy, building composite canoes for Mad River Canoe. Twelve years later, Martin is head builder at Adirondack Guideboat, a company specializing in rugged boats, light enough to be portaged but large enough to carry 2 men, 2 dogs and a hunting bounty. In addition to the company's legendary custom-built wooden guideboats, Martin and his brothers and their father churn out more than 200 Kevlar boats each year. Working with his family is what Martin loves most. "We can build an entire boat without saying a word," he says. "We've always worked together. I can't imagine it any other way." Erin Scottberg, *Popular Mechanics* October, 2010

For a more complete view of our building process, go to "How We Build a Kevlar Boat" at our website www.adirondack-guide-boat.com